SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK

DEVOTED TO THE SPORTS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE, THE ANGLER, THE HUNTER—NEWS, LITERATURE, FASHION, TASTE, THE DRAMA, AND THE SCENES OF REAL LIFE.

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SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 3, 1832.

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QUID-NUNCS.

Racy news from Washington!! Mr. Plummer squirts a misty of his tobacco quid, juice and all, into Mr. Slade's eye. That's too bad: tobacco juice is the very devil in one's eye. 'Tis said 'twill take a film off a horse's. The mote is then cast out of Mr. Slade's,—but he should have understood modern tactics better and squirted back again. Perhaps he don't chew, nor "spit considerably," and was thus defenceless. Mr. Plummer was wrong in this, and as he took the choice of weapons he should have supplied his antagonist from his own box. Hereafter no rational man will fail to keep his mouth well-watered with the ambrosial weed—especially in Washington, and more especially in the Rotunda. We learn verbally that a portion of this fluid element passed Mr. Slade's head and drove a pannel thro' a door. This is a climax to the past scenes—and not a third as dangerous.

Well, whip, kick or spit gentlemen, as much as you please; we can find better amusement in "tricks of the fancy" than in these unscientific sports. Yet spitting tobacco juice right into one's visionary orbs, is refining a little too much on old usages. 'Tis said Mr. Plummer drew his dirk—of what earthly use was his dirk when he had the "weed" in his mouth. One squirt and his man was done up—another would have annihilated him, eye and all. We hav'nt stopped chewing since we learned the news, and to-night intend going to sleep with a "good 'un" in our mouths. "In peace prepare for war."

FOREIGN SELECTIONS.

We are happy in being able to lay before our gentle readers a great variety of selections from European newspapers and periodicals. The advantages we enjoy in this respect will surely be felt and appreciated. The vast amount of desultory matter thus laid open for our choice, enables us to give our columns an interest and a value to all lovers of well-dished mental entertainment that is denied to those merely advertising papers whose selections are necessarily few, and must be confined to the bare news and *on dits* of the day. English papers, however, of the past month, are overrun with the late debates in the House of Lords on the Reform Bill, which are hardly sufficiently interesting for our columns; while the French prints are shrouded in wo and sorrow at the desolation that marks the track of the Cholera—the most awfully terrific disease that ever invaded her beautiful clime.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

The following lively description of this unrivalled songster we fully realized this morning, while in the act of being shaved by an *amateur Tonsor*. Every barber should supply himself with a select aviary, affording his *victims* the consolation of music while he deluges their grim visages with oceans of suds, and with an unrelenting hand mows down the growth of a day.—With such strains in our ears, we should forget the miseries of life,—the redolent odor of patent soap,—the pinching of our noses,—and the unmerciful infliction of a dull razor.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.—The plumage of the mocking-bird, though none of the homeliest, has nothing gaudy or brilliant in it; and, had he nothing else to recommend him, would scarcely entitle him to notice. But his figure is well proportioned, and even handsome. The ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really surprising, and mark the peculiarity of his genius. To these we may add that of a voice full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear, mellow tones of the wood-thrush to the savage scream of the bald eagle. In measure and accent he faithfully follows his originals. In force and sweetness of expression he greatly improves upon them. In his native groves, mounted on the top of a tall bush or half grown tree, in the dawn of dewy morning, while the woods are already vocal with a multitude of warblers, his admirable song rises preeminent over every competitor. The ear can listen without effort to his music alone, to which that of all the others seems a mere accompaniment. Neither is this strain altogether imitative. His own native notes, which are easily distinguishable by such as are well acquainted with those of our various song birds, are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or, at the most, five or six syllables; generally interspersed with imitations, and all of them uttered with great emphasis and rapidity; and continued, with undiminished ardor, for half an hour or an hour at a time. His expanded wings and tail, glistening with white, and the buoyant gaiety of his action, arresting the eye, as his song most irresistably does the ear, he sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstacy—he mounts or descends as his song swells or dies away—and, as my friend, Mr. Bartram, has beautifully expressed it, "he bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recall his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain." While thus exerting himself, a bystander destitute of sight would suppose that the whole feathered tribes had assembled together on a trial of skill, each striving to produce his utmost effect, so perfect are his imitations. He many times deceives the sportsman, and sends him in search of birds that perhaps are not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates; even birds themselves are frequently imposed on by this admirable mimic, and are decoyed by the fancied calls of their mates, or dive with precipitation into the depth of thickets, at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow-hawk. The mocking-bird loses little of the power and energy of his song by confinement. In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog; Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He squeaks out like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about with hanging wings and bristled feathers, clucking to protect its injured brood. The barking of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheel-barrow, follow with truth and rapidity. He repeats the tune taught him by his master, though of considerable length, fully and faithfully. He runs over the quiverings of the canary, and the clear warblings of the Virginia nightingale, or red bird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own interiority, and become altogether silent; while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions. This excessive fondness for variety, however, in the opinion of some, injures his song. His elevated imitations of the brown thrush are frequently interrupted by the crowing of cocks; and the warblings of the blue bird, which he exquisitely manages, are mingled with the screaming of swallows or the cackling of hens; amidst the simple melody of the robin, we are suddenly surprised by the shrill reiterations of the whip-poor-will; while the notes of the killdeer, martin, blue-jay, baltimore, and twenty others, succeed, with such imposing reality, that we look round for the originals, and discover with astonishment, that the sole performer in this singular concert is the admirable bird now before us. During this exhibition of his powers he spreads his wings, expands his tail, and throws himself around the cage in the ecstacy of enthusiasm, seeming not only to sing but to dance, keeping time to the measure of his own music. Both in his native and domesticated state, during the solemn stillness of night, as soon as the moon rises in silent majesty, he begins his delightful solo, and serenades us the livelong night with a full display of his vocal powers, making the whole neighborhood ring with his inimitable melody.—*Wilson's Ornithology.*

AMERICAN DECORUM.—At Cincinnati there is a garden where the people go to eat ices and to look at roses. For the preservation of the flowers, there is placed at the end of one of the walks a sign-post sort of daub, representing a Swiss peasant girl, holding in her hand a scroll, requesting that the roses might not be gathered. Unhappily for the artist, or for the proprietor, or for both, the petticoat of this figure was so short as to show her ancles. The ladies saw, and shuddered; and it was formally intimated to the proprietor that, if he wished for the patronage of the ladies of Cincinnati, he must have the petticoat of this figure lengthened. The affrighted purveyor of ices sent off an express for the artist and his paint-pot.—He came, but unluckily not provided with any colour that would match the petticoat; the necessity, however, was too urgent for delay, and a flounce of blue was added to the petticoat of red, giving bright and shining evidence before all men of the immaculate deficacy of the Cincinnati ladies.—*Mrs. Trollope.*

PHENOMENON AT ST. HELENA.

From the United Service Journal.

In the year 1821, I was a midshipman in his Majesty's ship Vigo, guard-ship at St. Helena, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Lambert, and commanded by Capt. Thomas Brown during the latter period of Napoleon's exile. I had charge of an excellent establishment on shore, called the stock-yard, for keeping a supply of *fat* cattle for the squadron, after the arrival of the animals from the Cape of Good Hope, lank and lean. My party of men always slept on board, landing the next morning at daylight.

It was in the early part of May, a month rendered remarkable by the death of the great Chieftain, which took place on the 5th day, that we were pulling in as usual in the launch, with several working parties on board, but observing that the surf was too violent for the large boat filled with men to attempt a landing, we tried to accomplish it by a few at a time in the jolly-boat. A small number, including myself, got on shore in this manner. Shortly after, I was engaged in conversation with an officer of the East India Company's ship Ganges, surrounded by native women, some children, and Lascars, when I felt myself forcibly pulled by the arm, and heard a person exclaim—"Look at the history!—run!—save yourself!—we shall all be lost!"

I did look, and the sights I shall never cease to remember, it was so frightfully grand. On the horizon, from the north-west, appeared an immense undulation, or swell, resembling a bank of water, rolling majestically in, directly in the wind's eye. Whether it was my anxiety for the boats, or that astonishment had paralyzed me, I cannot tell; but I felt riveted to the spot, and before I could attempt to save myself, as others did, by climbing the rocks, I was whirled along with the rapidity of lightning in the midst of this dark wave. Almost in an instant I experienced a violent shock, which stunned me for a few moments; and, on recovering the perfect use of my senses, I found myself in the armorer's cave, with the forge lying across my thigh. To this circumstance I must draw attention, as, by its weight keeping me from going into the sea as the water receded, and from being dashed against the rocks, to it I owe my preservation. Near me were lying two Lascars, one was split up the middle, the other's skull was beat to pieces—both were dead. Fearing a return of the surf, as the sea usually rolls in twice, and then comes with redoubled violence, I made the best use of my lungs; the carpenter fortunately heard my cries and rescued me. My clothes were torn to shreds, my ears, eyes, and nose filled with ashes and blood; but, with the exception of a few contusions and lacerated hands, I was otherwise unhurt. One woman was drowned, and several men and children were picked up by the boats. This first swell that I have mentioned was the prelude to a gigantic surf, which lasted three days.

This phenomenon (as nothing like it has ever taken place in the memory of the oldest inhabitants) was attributed to an earthquake. We had only telegraphic communication with the ship while it lasted. The fortifications were much injured in front of James Town; huge rocks were torn up and tossed into our little bathing-place to the left of the landing; the guard-house was abandoned, the sea reaching the upper windows; the ships rode with sails aback to keep them astern of their anchors; and, while it lasted, to see the mass of water burst upon the cliffs, as if to shake the island from its foundation, was the grandest sight I ever beheld.

There may be some who would connect such a singular occurrence with the last days of the expiring Emperor. Croly, if I recollect right, in his finely written life of George the Fourth, speaks of his soul taking its flight amidst the noise of the noise of the tempest and roar of the surf, comparing it to the crash of a battle and armies meeting.

NAUTICUS.

High Wycomb, Jan. 20th, 1832.

FASHIONABLE COURTSHIP.—The long talked-of match between the liberal M. P. for Hereford and the hardhearted daughter of a rich contractor is now off. The on dit is, that the lover fell asleep during dinner time, while sitting next to his beloved, and in consequence of this received notice to quit.—This is but one among the many of "orient pearls at random strung" which the above young lady has added to her chain of refusals.

MISERIES AND VEXATIONS.—1. Marrying a woman on account of her beautiful eyes, her fine teeth, and her charming hair; then finding that the first have been purchased of the occulist, the second of the dentist, and the third of the perequier, and that she removes them all every time she goes to bed.

2. Turning your coat as often as a new party comes in power, in order to get a taste of the treasury pap; and getting nothing, after all your pains, but an empty belly and a bad name.

3. Having a quarrel with your wife, and threatening to shoot yourself in order to excite her fears or her sympathy; and finding her, instead of bursting into tears and clinging around your neck, coolly bringing you the pistols ready cocked and primed.

4. Riding in a crowded stage coach, to leeward of a man with a rum breath, who, under pretence of talking to you, persists in poking the mouth of his fuming distillery constantly under your nose. Bah!

5. Laboring hard to get yourself killed in a duel; but finding yourself so far beneath a gentleman's notice, that you are obliged to blow out your own brains to preserve your reputation.

CONGRESS WATER.—Two country lads passing by a sign which had on it the words "Congress Water," one asked the other what sort of water that was. "Why, you fool you," replied his companion, "that's what they *spout* at Congress."

ECONOMY OF GEORGE II.—Passing through his chamber one evening, preceded by a single page, a small canvass bag of guineas, which he held in his hand suddenly dropped, and one of them rolled under a closet door, in which wood was usually kept for his bed chamber. After the king had very deliberately picked up the money, he found himself deficient of a guinea, and guessing where it went, "Come," said he to the page, "we must find this guinea here, help me to throw out the wood." The page and he accordingly went to work, and in a short time found it.—"Well," said the king, "you have wrought hard, there is the money for your labor, but I would have nothing lost."

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.

The knotted blood within my hose,
That from my wounded body flows,
With mortal crisis doth portend
My days to appropinque an end.

HUDIBRAS.

That fighting a duel does not imply courage, few, we believe, will pretend to deny. That killing one's man does not imply skill, the following may be taken as a case in proof. It was related to us, some years since, as having happened on the northern frontiers, during the last war. But whenever and wherever it happened the moral is the same.

There belonged to the army a Lieutenant, who was very cowardly, and an Adjutant, who was very supercilious. He treated the lieutenant with great contempt, and especially before his brother officers. Among other modes of expressing this feeling, he used often, when addressed by the latter, to give him a supercilious glance over the shoulder.

This behaviour vexed and irritated the lieutenant to such a degree that he consulted his friends as to some mode of retaliation.

"Why," said they, "the next time the adjutant treats you in this contemptuous manner, you must pull his nose."

"I'll be shot if I don't!" said the lieutenant, well pleased with the project, which did not, to his apprehension, involve any idea of gunpowder. Wherefore, coming up to his antagonist the next day, he bade him—"Good morning, Mr. Adjutant!"

The latter treated him with his usual supercilious look over the shoulder, when the lieutenant promptly took his nose between the first and second finger, and gave it a prodigious wrench.—Well satisfied with this exploit, he went his way, boasting how prettily he had wrung the adjutant's nose. But his feelings of triumph were short, for he was presently served with a challenge.

He was now in more trouble than ever. This was a result he had not looked for; and he again repaired to his friends for advice.

"Wh-wh-what a bloody fellow that adjutant is!" said he, in great perturbation—"he's challenged me!"

"Of course," returned his friends coolly—"no military man would allow his nose to be twisted with impunity."

"No!—Why in the name of blood and thunder didn't you tell me of that before? I'd seen the devil had his nose before I'd touched it, if I'd known what was going to be the consequence.—But what must I do now?"

"Fight to be sure."

"What! f-f-fight! I—I—fight? No—no—that'll never do—I shall be shot to a dead certainty."

"As like as not. But it's the business of the soldier, you know, to smell gunpowder."

"Yes—but to feel cold lead!—that's the worst of it!"

"Well, better or worse, there's no help for it—the adjutant has challenged you, and fight him you must. They say he's a devil of a fellow on the trigger."

"I'm a dead man, then. I wish his nose had been at the north pole before I'd touched it."

As there was no getting off, however, agreeably to the laws of honor, the lieutenant chose his second and went to meet the adjutant. The combatants took their ground, each with his side towards the other. But such was the tremor of the lieutenant that, in order to steady his pistol, he held the breach against his hip, and in this manner let fly. The adjutant fell, bored through the loins with a mortal wound; while the trembling lieutenant, scarcely knowing, for a time, whether he was himself alive or dead, escaped unhurt—conveying with him from the field of glory the reputation of an honorable man!—*Constellation.*

CURIOUS OCCURRENCE.—On Thursday last (says a private letter from Paris) a fellow entered the office of the Receiver of Taxes for the 5th arrondissement of Paris, and presenting a pistol at his head, said, "In the name of Henry V. my legitimate sovereign, I am come no make a forced loan." No sooner said than done: for he immediately seized hold of 300f which were on the desk, and retired, bowing in the politest manner to the poor Receiver, who was so completely taken by surprise at the sudden appearance of this financial agent of the Duke of Bordeaux that he could not call for assistance.

The New-England Galaxy speakes of its former editor, Mr. F. S. Hill, who lately appeared on the Tremont boards, as possessing the talents of no common order, as well for the personation of comedy as tragedy. His Romeo is spoken of as a highly creditable performance—and his Harry Sanley in Paul Pry as spirited and evincing much judgment.

A "FINISH."—We have received the following statement from a source on which we can rely for its truth and correctness:

On Tuesday last, a young gentleman was induced to accompany a *lady* [!] to a celebrated "*Finish*," in the immediate neighborhood of Covent-garden market, where he remained some hours. On his being about to leave, the following small bill was presented to him:

Mr. ——	£	s.	d.
Champaigne,	8	8	0
Negus,	0	14	0
Cigars,	0	3	6
Tea,	0	2	0
Broken glass,	0	5	0
Total,	9	12	6

It was of no use to cavil at the item not in truth, was the gentleman in a situation to do. A thirty pound bank note was therefore given—producing which the gentleman made a most imprudent display of his being in possession of a much larger sum of money. Luckily however, Mr. Superintendent Thomas got notice of his danger; and having traced him into a gin-shop in the neighborhood, where he was in the midst of all the swells of the place, prevailed on him to give up his money, which he did to Mr. Thomas, to the amount of *thirteen hundred and forty pounds*, in bank notes—every farthing of which he would have been robbed of, (a coach being at the door to convey him to a place suitable for that purpose,) had the police superintendent been ten minutes later. We should have said that no change was given him at the "Finish" out of his thirty pound note; but he has since, by the exertions of the police, received it.—*London paper.*

FEMALE EQUESTRIANISM.

Whether riding astride is an accomplishment which becomes a lady, is a question which may bear debate, but it cannot be concealed, that the opinion of this country is against it. Waving the controversy, however, for the present, we have only to remark, that whether it be correct or not, it is a practice in which Lady Augusta Roewood, now the Countess of Ribands, loves to indulge. Those whose lot it is to have visited the Eternal city, will well remember her Ladyship capering along through the Corso, in the Piazza de Spagna, or through the roads about Rome,—sometimes upon a light chesnut, sometimes upon a dark brown pony,—sometimes slightly petticoated, but more frequently much in jockey costume as the Countess of Harrington used to be, when, seating at the Olympic, "The boy in yellow wins the day," she captivated the heart of the mustachioed Earl.

She now talks of coming home, and leaving her thousand-and-one beaux in Rome in blank despair. How she will "carry on the war" here, we are not sufficiently in her ladyships secrets to learn, but we think it likely that she will astonish the cavaliers of Hyde Park, if she continues to exhibit among us *more majorum*. The consternation among the ladies will, we doubt not, be almost as great as that which has already seized upon her noble partner, at hearing of her determination to return: and that, if all accounts be true, is not inconsiderable. At Rome, her vagaries were well enough;—there is a great difference, after all, between at home and abroad. Even the stiff doctrine of canon law admit it in their maxim, that much *vitatoribus licitum est*;—but "here! *Pazienza!* as the Italians say,—the apparition of the Countess would be no joke.

Perhaps, however, in these reforming times, it might be of service to all concerned, and produce a reformation. The contract proposed by the lady, on her marriage, was a very simple one, and very fair upon the whole. She was a rich heiress, the last scion of a ducal house, and she had a right to do as she pleased with her own. All the world had proclaimed her intended husband to be a very particular kind of rake,—and all the world is seldom wrong in such matters,—but Lady Augusta would have him nevertheless. "I shall put the matter," she said, "upon a proper footing, before I marry him." And she did so accordingly.

"Roewood, my dear fellow," said she, on the first opportunity, "they tell me you are a sad rake; and, what is more, I believe it."

"Upon my honor," said Roewood.

"No," said she, "never mind. You are going to deny it, I know; but it is of no use. I only want to make a bargain with you before we are married, as to our conduct afterwards."

"Any bargain, my love," said Roewood.

"Yes," said the lady, "this one easy to keep: As long as you behave yourself properly, so long will I behave myself in the same manner. But the very moment that I find you are relapsing into your old tricks, that moment I shall do my best to imitate your example."

"Humph!" thought Roewood, "if that be the case, nothing is more likely than that my brows may, ere long, be ornamented with something more than a coronet."

This he thought. He said that there would be no necessity for resorting to such extreme measures—kissed the lady, and agreed to the bargain.

How it has been kept, we need not say; but as the lady is coming back, no doubt to behave herself after the most correct and admirable pattern, it is to be presumed that his Lordship, entering into the spirit of the contract, will do likewise.—*London Court Journal.*

One of the most able and candid—it is in almost all cases the most candid who are the most able—physicians of the capital, observed the other day:—"Never did I blush for my own ignorance—never did I feel the limited extent of human power so much, as at the bed-side of my last cholera patient. There was death playing his horrid antics before my eyes, and laughing at the rackings of my brains. I was as a pigmy before some ferocious giant; the spasmodic twitchings of my patient—the cramps with which he was agonised—the haggard and shrivelled cheeks, caused by only two hours' illness, were all as so many malicious demons grinning at me for my ignorance, and shouting, 'Away Pretender, for we are stronger than thou! Bury thyself in thy shame, and leave us to finish our work!'"—*London paper.*

A PRETTY METAPHOR.—A young lady marrying a man she loved, and leaving many friends in town, to retire with him into the country, Mrs. D. said prettily, "She has turned one and twenty shillings into a guinea."

SELLING A WIFE.—Wednesday, a fellow named Walter, a sand-carrier at Debtling, carried his wife to Cranbrook market, where he exposed her for sale with a halter round her neck. The fair one was purchased by an old sweet-heart for a glass of gin, a pot of beer, and one shilling. The purchaser was so well pleased with his bargain, that he accepted of a little incumbrance with his lot, in the shape of a boy, being nearly eight years old.

THE BILL.—A gentleman, a few days ago, when he was leaving Long's hotel, had his bill presented to him by one of the waiters.—The gentleman paid it to a single penny.—The waiter stood in expectation of the usual gratuity, but received nothing. "Sir," said the waiter, "I hope ever thing has been to your mind." "Perfectly so," replied the gentleman. "I hope, sir, I have given you no offence." "None whatever," answered the gentleman. "Will you be pleased to consider the servants?" "No, no, my man; I am for the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill."

IMPRESSMENT
OF AMERICAN SEAMEN.

In the month of December we repaired to English Harbor to refit. On this occasion I had an adventure which had well nigh proved a tragical one. Among the crew before the mast, was one Jonathan Williams, a stout, athletic fellow, measuring about six feet two inches in height, with an outline and proportions evincing corresponding muscular powers. This man, shortly after the commissioning of E——, had, in spite of his plea of American citizenship, corroborated, as I believe, by a certificate of naturalization, been impressed from an English merchant ship. This was an occurrence by no means rare; especially as the similarity of language and national traits between the individuals of the two nations, left no leading marks whereby to discriminate between the two; moreover, these protections were easily counterfeited, and therefore little regarded. Indeed, the fact was notorious, that spurious documents, (an ordinary article of traffic among the crimps of the American sea-ports,) could at any time be procured by our seamen for a few dollars. A reasonable apology was thus offered for the frequent repitition of an act which had no small share in exciting a hostile feeling against us in all parts of the Union, and which otherwise might certainly have been deemed indefensible. In this instance, however, there were some collateral circumstances, which, with the consistency and energy so characteristic of truth, displayed in his unceasing remonstrances against the injustice of his detention, afforded a strong presumption favorable to Williams' claims. Some months having elapsed, and the little attention paid to his case affording but a faint prospect of emancipation, he determined on desertion. Accordingly seizing the opportunity while the vessel was alongside the wharf in English Harbor, he with two or three others effected their escape. The only channel by which they could finally leave the island being by the merchant ships in the harbor of St. John's distant about twelve miles, it was naturally conjectured that their flight lay in that direction, and with a view to intercept them I was sent round to that place. At the end of a week, spent in fruitless inquiries and vain attempts to trace them, I was on the eve of returning from my unsuccessful mission, when accident effected that which my endeavors had failed in. I had taken up my lodgings at a tavern in the town, kept by a French woman, among the numerous inmates of which, principally masters of ships, was a merchant, a resident of the place with whom I had previously been acquainted. This man having occasion to visit a brig of which he was the owner, and which was loading in the harbor, proposed to me to accompany him. It happened to be a boisterous day; but the wind being fair, and the vessel lying well up the harbor, a canoe manned by two negroes, which we hired, soon wafted us alongside. I had been but an instant on board when the principal object of my search, the fugitive Williams, little expecting such a visiter, unexpectedly popped his head up the fore-hatchway. The sudden appearance of some terrific spectre would not have caused a greater revulsion of feeling and consequent expression of countenance, than that which the sight of so unwelcome a visiter produced at this moment. The poor fellow, pale, paralyzed, and dumb from the surprise, for a few moments uttered not a word; gradually recovering his self-possession, he seemed quietly to resign himself to his fate, and without offering the smallest resistance, walked aft to the quarter deck as desired. Here taking up a large tin pot lying by the side of a cask of what appeared from the color of its contents to be water, he drew off a considerable quantity which he drank off. This turned out to be white rum—the effects of such a stimulant may be readily imagined. They were neither slow in their development, nor disproportioned to the potency of their influence. Such a dose as he had imbibed was more than sufficient to screw the moral energies, already in a state of strong excitation, to a higher pitch than was necessary for a much greater enterprise than that which he suddenly conceived and as promptly executed. Having from his assumed quiet demeanor no suspicion of what he meditated, I had gone for a moment to the opposite side of the deck, and was looking in another direction, when turning round I found my prisoner had disappeared. Watching his opportunity, he had leaped into the canoe, clearing the gunwale at a bound. And when I looked over the side he had already got clear of the vessel. I now beheld him in the attitude of menancing the two boatmen, who after a slight and ineffectual resistance, were retreating to the bow of the boat. It was a scene for the pencil. In his red woollen shirt without a hat, his dark shaggy hair closely matted over his bronzed forehead, with a beard unshaved, perhaps, from the moment of his quitting the E——, resolution, anxiety, hope, and fear, all blended in his agitated countenance—there he stood, or rather stooped in the boat, a marine Goliah—in one hand brandishing the formidable clasp knife usually suspended round the necks of seamen, at the two sable boatmen, comparatively pigmies, and who had now fairly surrendered, and were crouching with every sign of astonishment and pusillanimity in the bow of the canoe; while with the other he was endeavoring to retain the mast in its erect position, the sail having partly blown loose and luffed her broadside to. In this dilemma, no boat being alongside, I was for a moment at a loss what to do; however, having no time for deliberation, I sprang into a small punt lying under the counter, the only one belonging to the vessel, and followed by my friend, the merchant, who, in defiance of the gale, readily undertook to render assistance, we shoved off from the vessel; and the canoe having been delayed by the causes already stated, we succeeded in getting up with her, just as Williams, having got her once more before the wind, was setting the sail, and she was acquiring rapid headway. Unluckily, in my eagerness to board, I jumped into her stern; and my companion, whose motions were not sufficiently agile to follow or lay hold of the canoe, was left fairly in the lurch, and got adrift. Thus I remained solus to grapple with my formidable adversary, who now, wrought up to frenzy by the effects of the potation from the rum-cask and the probable frustration of his hopes, looked scarcely human. Having summoned him to submit, and pointed out to him the consequences of aggravating his crime by resistance, he once more drew forth his knife, and glaring wildly on me with eyes inflamed with liquor and excitement, he, in a broken and sepulchral tone thus addressed me: "Mr ——, I am a native American citizen; I am determined to have my liberty, whatever may be the consequences, and by G— you had better not attempt to prevent me." The only weapon I had about me was a small uniform dirk, four or five inches long, and made more for ornament than service. This I had drawn forth, and standing over him was menacing him with it, when suddenly seizing my wrist with one hand, he wrenched the weapon from me with the other, and closing upon me got me down in the bottom of the boat. The brevity of this conflict, if any thing had before been wanting, effectually demonstrated the odds to which I was opposed. I was like an infant in his powerful grasp. In a moment I found myself transferred to the other element with as much apparent ease as one might fling overboard a spaniel.—Whatever might have been his motive, after a few seconds during which I found myself retained under the sides of the boat, which by her heeling nearly level with the water I contrived to cling to, he suddenly relinquished his iron grasp, and I, like a drowned rat, crawled once more into the boat. For this, perhaps, I was indebted to the appearance of a large boat, manned by six or eight men, which, pulling up the harbor, and passing at the distance of half a cable length, was no sooner perceived by my adversary than he jumped overboard and swam towards her; and I, without reflecting on the rashness of a further pursuit of such an adversary, threw myself after him, and with no small difficulty reached the pinnace just after he had been taken on board. The crew, naturally sympathizing with him, evinced no great alacrity in picking me up, and but for a circumstance or two, I might have fared but badly; moreover, it was only by dint of the threat to make them responsible for the prisoner's evasion that, after a considerable parley, they were prevailed on to put us on board the nearest merchant vessel. Here again I had to encounter the same difficulty. The master, under the plea of not being able to spare an only boat, absolutely refused to accede to my desire of being conveyed on board the Guachapin guard-ship, which was lying at some distance round a point in that part of the harbor called the Carenage. In this dilemma, an occurrence suddenly gave a new turn to the affair, and decided the skipper to comply with my wishes. All at once the prisoner, making a last desperate effort, sprang over the gunwale, and threw himself at the risk of his neck into the boat, and endeavored to cut her adrift. It was almost ludicrous to observe the change which this sudden proceeding wrought in the tone and bearing of the skipper. He now flew into a violent rage, and showed himself ready, by any means in his power, to rid himself of so troublesome a guest. He was my prisoner, was accordingly secured, and finally lodged in safe custody on board the guard-vessel. In this almost mortal struggle, I found that I had received a wound in the hand, either by my own dirk, or the point of the boat-hook, which I had remained unconscious of until advertised by the blood which streamed from it.

This man, on his return to the ship, under circumstances that might have shaken the constancy of the firmest, displayed a fortitude and equanimity which astonished every one on board. This was more particularly shown on the following occasion: Being short of complement, the services of an able-bodied individual could not well be dispensed with, particularly in action. On getting to sea, therefore, it was proposed to liberate him at the hour of mustering to quarters. This would probably have led to his farther enlargement, and in the end might have averted the fate which in the opinion of all awaited him, under the aggravated circumstances of his case, and in the absence of sufficient proof of his naturalization as an American. This, however, he refused to accede to. On the first occasion of his being brought on deck, he refused to take a share in any part of the duty; nor could the remonstrances of the officers, the heavy denunciations of vengeance, or the menaces of instant death from the captain, make him swerve from his resolution. The latter, wound up to the highest pitch of anger by such a pertinacious example of disobedience in the face of the whole ship's company, at length ordered his pistol's to be brought, and threatened to blow his brains out for mutiny if he continued any longer refractory: this, however, produced as little effect. While the captain was actually stamping with rage, and alternately threatening to hang or to shoot him, the prisoner, with the most imperturbable coolness and self-possession addressed him thus: "Captain ——, I am an American citizen; you have no right to detain me. I am in your power it is true, and you may shoot or do what else you please with me; but I am determined never more to touch a rope or do a stroke of duty in your ship." I have never seen an instance of greater determination than this man exhibited. Though fully alive to his critical situation, he remained firm and unshaken as a rock, till at length he was once more ordered below.—Here, before the gun-room bulk-head, immediately under the main hatchway ladder, he remained for several months in double irons. Our distance from head quarters, constantly cruising, prevented an opportunity for his trial. This delay proved fortunate for W——. Time at length brought a termination to his sufferings. The promotion and appointment of the captain, some months after, to a frigate, caused a relaxation in his rigorous treatment, and finally led to his release and discharge from the service.

United Service Journal.

JACK OF ALL TRADES.—The following singular advertisement actually appeared recently in the POTTERY GAZETTE:—"James Scott, whitesmith, gardener, fishmonger, schoolmaster and watchman; teeth drawn occasionally; shoemaker, chapel clerk, crier of the town, running footman, groom, and organ blower, keeper of the Town-hall, letter-carrier, brewer, winder of the clock, toller of the eight o'clock bell, waiter and bill-poster, fire-bucket maker to the Protector Fire-office, street springer, assistant to a Staffordshire potter, fire-lighter to the dancing-master, sheriff's officer's deputy, ringer of the market bell, toll taker to the bailiff of the hundred, and keeper and deliverer of the fair standings, returns his most grateful acknowledgments to the inhabitants of Stoke for the many favors already received, and begs to assure them that it shall be his constant study to merit their patronage.—N. B. A child's caul for sale."—[Liverpool Times.

A certain merchant, well known "on Change," asked Rothschild the other day, "I say, do you know has Count Orioff come ALONE?" "No!" replied Rotchy, "he hash not come dat YET."

Mr. Shaw recently shot in China pond, Me. a beautiful loon weighing 17 1-2 lbs. and measuring across the wings 5 1-4 feet.

EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE FROM PRISON.—On Tuesday night, John Dickinson, a notorious offender, who with a companion named George Cantell, was cast for death at the late Assizes, for breaking into the house of James Woodham, a watchmaker at Hungerford, effected his escape at Reading gaol, in a most daring manner. For better security, Dickinson was locked up every night in one of the condemned cells, and all his clothes regularly taken from him. The cell in which he was confined is between eleven and twelve feet high, lined throughout with solid oak plank two inches thick, and the joints cased with iron, and whitewashed on the ceiling and sides. At six o'clock in the evening, he was locked up as usual, and the turnkey, on looking found all safe; but this experienced burglar had been for some time working with a piece of iron hoop, about five inches long, and three quarters of an inch wide, which he made into a saw, and taken an opportunity to harden in the fire. A short piece of stock not bigger than a man's little finger, which was used to prop up the shutter before the grating of his cell, formed the handle; and by getting on a wooden stool belonging to the cell, he reached the ceiling, and with this rough instrument, by wonderful perseverance, cut through the solid plank of the ceiling, and after long-continued nocturnal labor, succeeded last night in cutting out an oblong piece of wood, which, after wrenching off the iron at the joints, left a hole big enough to enable him to force his body through. It appears, that on leaving off work, he stopped the crevice he cut by pasting over a piece of white paper. He made his paste by wetting a bit of bread, a small portion of this composition being found in the corner of the cell.—He then rubbed over the paper some of the chalk off the wall; and unless the turnkey had been aware that something was wrong, it was next to impossible, on looking round, to make any discovery. Having perfected the aperture, he cut his blankets into strips, which he twisted into a rope upwards of thirty feet long. Having got through the aperture, he found himself under the tiling; and by removing a few tiles, he ascended to the main roof of the gaol, which he traversed like a cat, and then passed over the top of a very high and dangerous cross-wall, having loose bricks on the top, four of which he took with him to the outer wall; and having tied them to the end of his blanket rope, by means of an extra piece which he had made, fixed them under the coping, and then descended by means of his rope, a distance of forty feet, into the gaol garden; and to prevent the bricks at the end of the rope falling back and making a noise, he tied the end of the rope in his hand to a tree; and having scaled the garden wall, effected his escape into the public road.

Cork Southern Register.

KING WILLIAM AND QUEEN ADELAIDE.—The King and Queen have been to Drury-Lane; and the presence of their Majesties seems—to judge by the newspaper criticisms—to have conferred new brilliancy on the SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL. The King took coffee! But that too sinks into insignificance compared with the fact to be noticed in history—the Queen carefully put cream and sugar into it—yea, even into his Majesty's coffee did she carefully put cream and sugar. Whereupon the most wise public did raise themselves on their hind legs, did wave their fore ones, and bray most lustily; loud were the cheers, and great was the occasion. "In the course of the evening, refreshments having been introduced to the Royal party, the Queen very carefully put cream and sugar into his Majesty's coffee, which she then handed to him. This unaffected but affectionate attention of Her Majesty was noticed while least expected by her, and drew down from the whole house a hearty manifestation of the sentiments which it excited." There is certainly something grand in the spectacle of Majesty taking coffee before his people, and more imposing still is Majesty when wielding the sugar tongs, and elevating the cream jug in the face of the world; no wonder that the awe-struck multitude cried aloud! Shenstone said of the rat that nibbled away his "Geography,"

"——'s door
Was to him a dish of tea,
And a kingdom bread and butter."

Doubtless the sapient public had until this time imagined that Kings eat up counties for dinner, and for coffee take colonies. What then, must have been their delight when they saw the good man sip out of china, and his wife handling a cream pot, and doing it carefully too, and with an affectionate attention. Her Majesty did not rudely, like a boy at school say "Here William, here's your coffee, SUGAR AND MILK YOURSELF." "No; carefully, affectionately, and unaffectedly, in the front of her box, did she pleasantly perform her matronly duties, as if she had been seated in her own parlor, and then blushed to find them fame. At Naples, the sovereign eats macaroni in his box at the theatre; he takes it in his fingers from the plate before him; and like the commonest lazzarone, lets it down gradually, curling and winding, into the stomach. The longer the piece the more popular the monarch; the pit watches every morsel; and when, as in the case of the late King he has the art of putting whole yards down as it pends from his finger and thumb upon his gaping mouth, there are no bounds to the people's love and gratitude—San Carlos rings with acclamation. What is a constitution—what reform—what liberty—compared to the pride of having a king who can swallow whole yards of macaroni at a breath, just as the commonest porter would do.—LONDON SPECTATOR.

TALLEYRAND.—M. Talleyrand was enjoying his rubber, when the conversation turned on the recent union of an elderly lady of respectable rank. "How could Madam de S—— make such a match? a person of her rank to marry a valet de chambre!". "Ah," replied Talleyrand, "it was late in the game: at nine we don't reckon honors."

SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 2.

☞ SUBSCRIPTIONS for this paper, received by Messrs. PEABODY & Co. No. 219 Broadway, and by WM. STODART, 6 Courtlandt st.

SINGLE COPIES are kept on hand for sale at each of the above places.

The Editors of the *Spirit of the Times* are induced to remind their friends that there is a recent newspaper published in this city under the title of "The Times," a name so similar to our own, that repeated mistakes are occurring, from our correspondents not taking the precaution to direct their communications to us, in such a manner, as to be readily distinguished at the Post Office.

We probably have not suffered materially—and should have no objections to have our postage letters—our dunning letters and the like, find any harbor but our office: still, we would not care to lose a well-filled subscription, or a fitting communication for our columns. Besides, the gentlemanly editor of "The Times," is too courteous not to feel embarrassed at the accidents to which we refer, and we would gladly obviate the difficulty in future. "A word to the wise," &c.

We seize the occasion to acknowledge the repeated instances of patronage that are daily shown our Print, and to assure our readers that every means within the reach of a New-York editor, and all assiduity on our part is put in requisition to make "The Spirit of the Times and Life in New-York," all its best wishers can desire.

LIFE IN NEW-YORK brightens—yea dazzles. Every third man you meet is a dashing groom, or yet more dashing groomsman. Wedding cake—wedding gifts—wedding parties are all the go. "You must be married—you shall be married," sounds in every breeze,—"I won't be a nun," in every zephyr. "Go it Jerry,"—"pop the question,"—"d—n the odds," say the wise 'uns. The country is running wild with this "*mania nigh*," whole townships are attacked—villages devastated—every steamer brings a covey of these happy pairs, or bears them home. Couple after couple come bouncing in at the Hotels—speaking the best chambers—securing the best parlors—occupying the best sofas—all smiles, all feeling, all "yes, sir"—exhausting every topic—spinning their tired fancies to the most attenuated length. Every grim bachelor is biting his thumb at the lucky wight, whose prize in this lottery of life, he so much envies. Every old maid prims her mouth into an ineffable pucker, declaring, she can't see what she or she, had about her so very taking—indeed she can't. "La, Aunty, who's that come," cries a simpering Miss. "The pigeons," squalls she of two score and ten.

Meet an old friend, and out pops, "Have you seen the bride? what think of her? Knew he'd marry well—isn't she fine?—father's worth a million—health poor—determination the head —apoplexy." Meet a common acquaintance,—"Do you see that man—devilish clever fellow—money's free as water—married last week—good match, sure—right don't blame it—only child—funds—bank stock—old ones failing—soon off."

No elopements—the beaux all professing—the ladies all consenting—each like the robins takes a mate and begins the nest. A fig for sentiment—but the young 'uns must be indulged —"love's young dream" must be realized. She *will* see the city—the Theatre—the Museum, the Galleries—North River—Dry Dock—Moscow burning—the Mummy—Ourang Outang and Calvin Edson.

Play or pay, the game—touch and take, the rule—cut and run, the result. Here they come —steamboats packed in pairs—money plenty as dirt—our tailors making their fortunes—jewellers touching the kimikles—upholsterers fobbing the ready—clergy bagging the fees—publicans grasping the rhino, all to the tune of "Love and the world well lost."

Marrying truly is the "Spirit of the Times" —and pocketing the cash "Life in New-York."

WILLIS' "FIRST IMPRESSIONS."

Many of our readers are aware that N. P. WILLIS Esq. is one of the editors of the New-York Mirror. Mr. Willis is now in Europe, and his "First Impressions" have met with a reception that ought to be flattering to any young man, and must be so to him. Yet he has been severely criticised, and by some contemporaneous prints we think he has been even abused. We have ever been admirers of Mr. Willis' talents, and have equally deplored any production of his that has not been worthy of himself. But we cannot find it in our hearts to detract from the real merit of his Letters, as we think has been the case by others.

Few Americans have written more amusing and instructive epistles. They include every variety of topic, from a lady's slipper to a political revolution, dished up in the most palatable style.

He may be sometimes guilty of a little affectation—yet it cannot be denied that his conceives to throw a deep interest into every subject he attempts, and his ideas are often beautifully and beautifully expressed.

We his is a young man, *therefore*, a lady's man; but we care the less for it, inasmuch as this very circumstance leads him from the dull recital of events known to all news readers, and induces him to indulge in glowing descriptions of the ton and fashion of Paris, mingled with a pleasing sort of sentimentality peculiarly his own. This portion of his letters has received the severest censure, and we are aware how easily the topic is made disgusting, and that he has sometimes thus offended—yet, he so fully redeems the fault in his happier moments, that we can overlook what is so natural to a young poet, whose theme has ever been love and the loveliness of woman.

There is, moreover, a particular feature in these letters that agrees so well with our predilections, that we have read them with great gusto. This is Willis' admiration for NAPOLEON, and for those immortal monuments of his genius, which strike the eye of a traveller as superior to all the puny efforts of that race of imbecile tyrants, so long the scourge of beautiful France. Wherever NAPOLEON exerted his power, there the hand of a master is visible. Plain common sense being peculiarly the characteristic of his gigantic mind, usefulness and the glory of France is legible in all his works. Whether a church or a canal, whether a monument or a palace, the construction betokens the spirit and the taste of his sublime nature. Call this man a tyrant, ambitious, selfish, what you will, still the annals of time are searched in vain to find his equal in every thing the world has agreed to call great; and we sympathise in the admiration of Mr. Willis, as he dwells on the associations connecting the memory of this immortal man with his stupendous undertakings.

Mr. Willis' descriptions are in his happiest manner—his graphic sketches of character—his interviews with distinguished personages—his estimate of worth, or beauty, or patriotism, all and each elicit his powers as an author, and the expression of thoughts that will yield him an enviable celebrity and does honor to his American principles and feelings.

We have had it in contemplation to transfer to our columns extracts of the more interesting portions of these Letters, and have hitherto been deterred only by the consideration that it might be uncourteous to the interesting Print in which they first appear. Yet such is the practise of other editors in this respect, that it is no longer incumbent on us to refrain from the *general pillage*.

Our columns for this week, however, are so filled with other matter, that we shall defer the extracts for another week.

FINE ARTS.

One of the luxuries of a "Life in New-York" at this season of the year, is the opportunity of visiting the exhibitions of Paintings at the different Academies for promoting the Fine Arts and a few splendid collections of individuals. We shall not minutely detail the beauties of these numerous specimens of art, but cheerfully commend their attractions to the good taste of our citizens and the multitude of strangers within our borders.

In each of the Academies there is a great preponderance of Portraits, by artists of the first rank, exhibited as specimens of their style, and thus delicately soliciting the public favor for their various merits. This is a high grade of the art, if properly understood, not as merely giving an outline of a face, with the wrinkles—moles and colors of the original—but as expressing the prevailing moral sentiment and intellectual character of the person painted. There are examples of *both* in each gallery which are easily distinguished by a practised eye.

The few landscapes are exceedingly creditable to their authors—exhibiting a fidelity of execution and accuracy in the disposition of light and shade, that belong only to the keen eye and vigorous hand of genius.

Several pictures by the old masters distinguish the galleries and add greatly to the entertainment.

A number of finished pieces of "points of humor" and the comic incidents of life, receive deserved admiration.

The individual collections possess a different character, being composed of historical paintings and copies or originals of the masters.

As the season advances, and as our time permits, we shall pursue this interesting subject farther and notice the beautiful specimens more minutely and individually.

THE CHOLERA.

The spirit of the times is characterized by the apathy and fancied security of our citizens from the dangers of that terrific disease the Cholera.—We are not alarmists and perhaps any hints we may give will be superogatory—yet when we read the recital of the devastation of this fell destroyer in Paris and then walk through our back streets, lanes and alleys, and observe the filth—the offensive sewers—the unventilated receptacles of dirt and the kitchen's offal, we should be wanting in our duty, not to declare our apprehension of the result, should Providence permit the woful malady to reach our city. Apprehensions, and with reason, are entertained that the Cholera may be brought to our homes by the emigrants who crowd the vessels bound hither, thousands of whom have died of the disease when on the eve of embarking.

Looking these facts in the face and our unprepared condition to resist its spread, we cannot forbear recommending general cleanliness and thorough ventilation as the surest and only means of depriving this invisible destroyer of that ailment so necessary to its existence.

Our Corporation should no longer sleep over this terrible volcano, pregnant with consternation and horror and annihilation of business and loss of trade to an untold amount—nor should the good citizens of New-York fold their arms to rest neglecting all precautions—nor be lulled into a fancied security—quieting their apprehensions in the belief that the broad Atlantic will prove an insuperable obstacle to its approach.—God grant we may be safe—but we must be prepared when the enemy is at the door.

THATCHED COTTAGE GARDEN, *Jersey City.*—The susceptibility of enjoyment in the nature of man, gives to life its sweetest consolation. This sage remark is elicited from our philosophic brain, by the pleasure we have recently gathered in visiting the various grounds, the keen-sighted caterers for the public wants and tastes have fitted up, as resorts for that multitude of searchers after happiness and amusement. Among these fairy spots, the Thatched Garden Cottage holds a conspicuous place, while the attention and urbanity of the proprietor, Mr. S. S. Lynch, gives to its beauties a double charm.

Whoever wishes to dissipate the cares and vexations of a city life—to relax the over-wrought mind—to revive his weary senses—to give the curdling current of his blood a livelier leap, let him select his friend, pass over to this delightful garden, promenade its varied walks, unthread each labyrinth, cull a nosegay for his "ladye love," "sip a charm" at the saloon, and our word for it, he will return to the city a happier, and we should hope a better man.

Yesterday morning as the Belville stage coach was descending the Hoboken Hill, the leaders took fright, and the team becoming unmanageable, the stage was upset in the ditch at the foot of the hill. It was crowded with passengers, both inside and out, many of whom, we learn, were seriously injured.

A fire occurred late on Tuesday night, in the store of John T. Aymar, at the corner of Broadway and Chambers-st. which consumed his entire stock of goods, valued at $15,000—The building was of brick, two stories high. Mr. A. we learn, was not insured.

BALTIMORE RACES;

Over the Central Course.

We have thought preferable to omit the meagre account which has reached us of the two first days' races over this beautiful course, as next week's Turf Register and Sporting Magazine will contain the *official* results, together with racy descriptions of the appearance of the course, the horses, the riders, the spectators, &c. &c. in the editor's best style; and most of our readers are aware that Mr. SKINNER is *au fait* at these things. We subjoin from the Baltimore Patriot of Tuesday the following lively paragraph, which gives an earnest of what we shall be able to lay before our friends next week:

"We have the promise of fair weather and good sport—a splendid pair of pitchers, given by the ladies and called the *Ladies' Cup*, will be run for to-morrow, and it is said will be the most popular prize and most eagerly contended for. It is to be hoped that if won by any bachelor he will be required on their delivery to give bond and security for better behaviour in future—and if by a married man, that these splendid ornaments of the sideboard, with their emblematic devices, will remove any repugnance the fair lady may have to the sports of the turf. The first race to-morrow will be a sweepstakes, four heats, entrance $100—seven subscribers, for which there are three nags already on the ground."

CASTLE GARDEN.—We are glad to perceive the new aspect the enterprising proprietors of this favorite summer resort are giving to the whole establishment. It will require but a judicious outlay of a small sum to render it one of the pleasantest and most delightful lounges in the city. The fine sea-breeze which its situation commands—the gentle splashing of the "tired waves"—the amusements within, give to Castle Garden attractions that will secure the patronage of all lovers of pure air, and the quiet scenes of a lovely seaview, besides, the creams, lemonades, confectionaries, and attentions of an accommodating host.

LIFE IN THE COUNTRY. We have just received for the first time in several weeks, a copy of the Courier (Sacket's Harbor) the editor of which, who by the bye, is *au fait* in such matters, gives us a taste of his quality in the subjoined article, so characteristic of himself, and so graphic a sketch of *Life* in a village. Many is the time we've looked and sighed, and sigh'd and look'd, when a boy, "for a day like the one friend Howe describes as "prolific in *comicalities*—rife with "*catastroph's*," bear dances, puppet-shows, and other less important events." But to our extract:—

"By way of *variety*, the occurrences of the day were interspersed and rendered *extremely pleasant*, by flashes of lightning and sonorous peals of thunder, which ever anon came upon us, chiming, with admirable concord, with the loud blast of the kent-bugle, the shrill shrieks of monkeys, the low growls of lions, panthers, etc.; the whole accompanied and made merry by tremendous showers of rain. To cut the matter short, our good village has been visited by an extensive menagerie. This numerous collection of *wild* animals of course drew together a large concourse of *tame* ones from the surrounding country, who, with glaring eyes and gaping mouths, had come all the way to town to "see the bear dance." We attended the "kick-shows," and have not yet determined which deserves the greatest share of our admiration, the quadrupeds or *bipeds*.

INDIAN WAR.

This "speck of war" in our western horizon elicits various "editorials," each regretting that in these "piping times of peace" our red brethren should have unburied the hatchet,—surprised and defeated a [illegible] of the Illinois militia, *killing fifty-two*. We deplore this calamitous result, and are apprehensive that this unprovoked shedding of innocent blood will be visited on these reckless tribes with a severity savoring of retaliation if not of vengeance.

We do not see cause to sympathize in the fears entertained for the supposed "perilous situation" of Gen. Atkinson, commanding as he does 300 U. S. troops, who in a fair fight must be able to route as many thousand Indians. The known gallantry of the General, his acquaintance with Indian warfare, will rescue his little army from any stratagem of these misguided savages, who must be made to understand that the day is past when they can pour down on our frontiers, murder the quiet settlers, and then obtain peace on terms quite as lenient as heretofore.

As moralists, however, we must be indulged the remark that perhaps this disastrous war is but the effect of bad example; and that the "untutored Indian," hearing that their white brethren were waging an inglorious war at Washington, caught a spark of the ethereal fire, and "took a round" after their own fashion. The poor Indian however has gone too far—he should have merely kicked and clubbed his white brother and then spit in his face: thus he would have been within the pale of genteel life and modern usages.

The steamboat Herald, Captain Fleishman, in 75 hours from St. Louis—a most extraordinary quick passage—brings us a proclamation from the Governor of Illinois to the citizens of that state, from which it appears that a bloody and successful attack has been made by the Indians upon a detachment of volunteers. We learn by a private letter that fifty-two of the volunteers were killed, among whom were Col. Crane, Col. Thomas, Major Morgan, and Capt. Bailey.

At the date of the last accounts, Gen. Atkinson, the commander-in-chief of the United States forces, was in a most perilous situation. He had sent out several expresses for supplies, and every man had been cut off. The keel-boats destined with supplies above the Rapids had not been heard of, and it was supposed that they had been captured and their crews massacred. Intelligence so painful had not been anticipated. For a further knowledge of the condition of our frontiers, the reader is referred to Governor Reynold's proclamation:

DIXON'S FERRY (on Rock river.)

To the Militia of the State of Illinois.—It becomes my duty again to call on you for your services in the defence of your country. The state is not only invaded by the hostile Indians, but many of our citizens have been slain in battle.—A detachment of the mounted volunteers commanded by Major Sullivan of about 275 in number, were overpowered by the hostile Indians on Sycamore creek, distance from this place 30 miles, and a considerable number of them killed. This is an act of hostility which cannot be misconstrued.

I am of opinion that the Pottawatamies and Winnebagoes have joined the Sacs and Foxes, and all may be considered as waging war against the United States.

To subdue these Indians and drive them out of the state, it will require a force of at least two thousand mounted volunteers more, in addition to those already in the field.

I have made the necessary requisitions on the proper officers for the above number of mounted men, and have no doubt that the citizen soldiers of the state will obey the call of their country.—They will meet at Hinepin on the Illinois river, in companies of 50 men each, on the 10th of June next, to be organized into a Brigade.

JOHN REYNOLDS.

May 15. *Commander-in-Chief.*

DINNER TO MR. IRVING.

It was our intention to have given a full account in our to-day's paper, of the glowing festivities at the Dinner on Wednesday. It was got up in Jaques's best style. The greatest harmony and joyousness prevailed—politics hid her baleful head before the distinguished and talented partakers of this "feast of reason and flow of soul." As ever, however, the official account has not been published; and we must content ourselves for the present with giving a passing, but spirited notice from the columns of the Gazette.

The Irving dinner was celebrated last evening in a manner becoming our citizens and the renowned guest of the occasion. The attendance was numerous and joyous. We can offer at present but a brief notice of the festival, reserving the details for a future day, when we hope to offer a corrected and full account of the happy speeches and toas which were given. The Chair was taken by Ex Chancellor Kent. The Vice Presidents are Messrs. P. Hone, J. Duer, Professor Renwick, T. L. Ogden, S. Swartwout and Charles Ingham. The President in giving as a toast, the health of the illustrious guest, Washington Irving, prefaced it with some felicitous remarks. The reply of Mr. Irving was full of animation and feeling. He adverted with rapture to his return to "His own, his native land," and declared his intention of remaining here as long as he should live. This announciation was received with waving of handkerchiefs and immense cheering.

The 1st Vice President, Philip Hone, Esq. being called on for a toast, gave the "Memory of the First Settlers of New Amsterdam." His accompanying remarks were full of spirit and jocoseness, and conceived in an excellent manner.

J. Duer, Esq. 2d Vice President, gave "The memory of Diedrick Knickerbocker." He prefaced his toast with a most admirable speech—a speech full of spirit, brilliancy and wit. He vindicated with lively eloquence the claim of honest Diedrick (being considered the author of *his own* work, despite the popular delusion in this particular; and seemed to be anxiously desirous that the shade of the veracious historian should not be placed in the predicament of exclaiming, with the Roman bard, "alter tuli honores!"

The 3 Vice President gave "Sir Walter Scott." The 4th Vice President gave "The memory of youthful associations." The 5th gave "The health of Peter Irving," which was drunk with three cheers. The sixth gave "The distinguished strangers and citizens, who honored the guest by their presence." Each of these toasts was preceded by a speech.

The regular toasts were apposite, and well expressed. Mr. Horn, the vocalist, was present, and gave some of his best songs.

On the whole, we can assure our readers, that the festival was well arranged and conducted; and that they will have a rich treat whenever the speeches, &c. shall be laid before them in full.

A FIGHT IN CANADA.—An affray of a serious nature took place recently in Montreal, arising out of a closely contested election for member of the colonial legislature. The polls had been kept open for twenty-four days; and although more than 1500 votes had been taken, yet at the close of the polls on each day it had been found that the votes were equally divided between the opposing candidates, or at most there was but a difference of one. At last the officers presiding over the election closed the poll when one of the candidates was a vote ahead of his competitor. They were immediately and loudly accused of favoritism and unfairness by the partizans of the unsuccessful candidate; and from crimination they soon proceeded to acts of violence and riot. The sequel is given in the following extract from a Montreal paper:

"The military were called on to disperse the mob, who were seen approaching towards the place where they were held in readiness, shouting and huzzaing in the most infuriated manner on the approach of the military, the mob fled down St. James' street, the military taking the same direction, headed by their commanding officer. About this time the stones from the mob began to fly about in the most dangerous manner, and as that part of the town has been recently Macadamized, the mob had a plentiful supply of stones ready at hand, which, we lament to say, they used with dreadful dexterity. Col. Macintosh and several of the officers and men were struck, the former very severely. Still, the utmost exertions—the most persuading entreaties were used by both Col. Macintosh, the Magistrates, and those in authority, to prevail on the misguided and infatuated mob to disperse—but to no effect. The stones and other missiles continued to be thrown, and several persons were knocked down before our eyes. At length the fatal word was given, FIRE! and in another moment four persons were lying dead in the streets, and several wounded. One of them a young man not more than 15 or 16 years of age. The mob then fled. The Military taking up a position at the head of St. James street, adjoining the Hay Market, under a drenching rain. On our return through St. James' street, we observed the flag was literally strewed with stones, which had been thrown by the mob at the military. What shall we—or what can we add to the above. Were we to give an opinion of our own, we should be charged perhaps as partisans. God knows that we have but little of it in our composition."

"No blame can possibly attach to the Military; never did men act more calmly. With outstretching arms, we observed Col. Macintosh and the Magistrates, entreating of the mob to disperse. We would only add our prayer that this may be the last bloodshed we may have to witness for many years to come on any similar occasion—but really when men of any persuasion will be blinded, and allow their passions to take possession of their reason—awful as may be the example—such examples are sometimes mercies in disguise. The peace must be preserved—and will be—even at such lamentable cost."

THE CASE OF THE AGNEWS.

William Stodart, 6 Courtlandt st. has just published a full report of the evidence given in the conspiracy case of the Agnews, with the eloquent appeals made to the jury by Messrs. Seldon, Shankland, Maxwell, and Hoffman, and the Recorder's charge. This makes a clever pamphlet, and must prove interesting to all readers of criminal reports and admirers of legal tact and eloquence.

Tyrson's Comedy of the Discarded Daughter, by the same publisher, is on our table; and we have looked it over with interest, and commend it to the perusal of the lovers of genteel comedy. The incidents are interesting, and well calculated for stage effect, while the moral points to the degradation of vice and the triumphant path of virtue.

GIORDANO, a Tragedy, by James Lawson, Esq. will, we hear, be published this day. Rumor speaks of it in high terms.

ERRATUM.—A number of copies of our outside form was printed off with the date Saturday, June 3, instead of June 2, as should have been the case.

ADVANCE OF INTELLECT.—We find a lively remark on this subject in one of the English Magazines:—"Ah, my dear Mrs. B. I fear this is all the good the march of intellect is likely to do." "*March* of intellect! my dear madam, I begin to think *that* is past, and that it must now be the *April* of intellect, one meets so many fools!"

MATCH RACE.—A match race took place in Rutherford County, Tenn. on the 17th inst. between Betsey Malone, Stockholder, Miss Tomson and Monsieur Tonson, for $2,000 aside one mile and repeat, and won by the former in two heats. The first heat is said to have been run in one minute and forty eight seconds.

NEW-YORK THEATRICALS.

Our Theatres the past week have been "doing a good business" as they say on 'Change.

Mr. Blake's benefit at the Park was well worthy the gentlemanly and courteous Treasurer of that establishment. The entertainments of the evening rendered the strength of his appeal irresistible. The house was full, and the *Wilde Lady* again and again elicited the warmest applause. The merits of the leading performers in this excellent company have heretofore received deserved commendation, and we are by no means insensible to their deserts. As occasion presents we shall offer a few remarks on their varied talents, for which we have no time this week.

AMERICAN.

Mrs. Hamblin's benefit on Monday was a real treat to all lovers of the tender and the comic.

The Romeo of Mrs. Hamblin was extremely interesting, and Miss Vincent's Juliet we need not say received unqualified approbation. The balcony scene between these beautiful lovers we never saw surpassed.

Two acts of Bertram succeeded—Miss Clifton as Imogene, which perhaps may be reckoned her *chef d'œuvre*. The brilliant success of this promising young lady is no longer to be wondered at—she is a genius, and soon will rank among the most distinguished of her sex.

The enterprise of Mr. Hamblin and his untiring exertions are richly deserving the liberal patronage which nightly crowns his efforts. He has recently engaged Mr. and Mrs. Barrymore, whose performances (those of the latter especially) have already obtained the approbation of a New York audience. Mr. Hamblin's company will not be excelled by any in the Union.

RICHMOND HILL.

This recently re-opened house is fast gaining on the attention and patronage of the community. Mr. and Mrs. Hilson are old favorites, and must continue so; and we notice with pleasure that the pieces selected for representation are generally those in which their abilities have already been displayed and acknowledged. The strength of this efficient company is liberally brought out night after night, winning laurels for themselves, and meriting a correspondent generosity on the part of the public.

DRAMATIC MISCELLANIES.

MR. ANDERSON, who met with so warm a reception in his repeated attempts to display his musical powers before a New-York audience, has been received with enthusiasm in Quebec. He gave a Concert in that city on the 10th of May, which was fully and fashionably attended. The Mercury remarks that Mrs. Anderson, "though evidently laboring under much weakness from the effects of her recent confinement, sung with great sweetness, and in a style which commanded loud and general applause." Anderson was also repeatedly encored; and indeed his entire reception by the good people of the Canadas seems to indicate pretty strongly that they hold it no unpardonable crime to "d—n the Yankees" a little, when a man is in a passion. Mr. A. was to leave Quebec on the 15th inst. the principal Canadian towns, and then embark for England.

From Bernard's "Retrospections of the Stage."

CAPTAIN GARVEY, the Irish Don Juan, and original of "Paddy Carey."—MISS KNIPE.—Story of her Father—GLEE CLUB.

Captain Garvey, our "walking gentleman," deserves some notice. This person was about the most notorious character connected with the Irish Stage, though more on a personal than professional account. He was an Irishman by birth, and had all the distinctions of his country in perfection,—a handsome countenance, a tall and graceful person, a good proportion of calf and back, and a sufficient measure of that impudence which is called ease. His family, who were respectable, had purchased him a commission in a horse-regiment, as an outset; but irregular habits and love of pleasure had led him to the Stage, which, being an itinerant and diversified life, presented more facilities for the gratification of his whims and passions. He had a little patrimony however, which, with the title of Captain, to get him credit with tailors and tavern-keepers, (the only people who gave him any,) kept him in resources. The aids of dress were never wanting to set off the graces of his person, and an air of fashion enveloped the whole; for, wherever he went, he contrived to partake of the prevailing amusements, and mix in good company. As an actor, Garvey was on a par with the generality of persons who make the Stage a means of subsistence or amusement, and not a pursuit of genius.—As a man, he was an equal favorite with the men and women. He was not highly educated or possessed of much mind, but had an abundance of natural ability, which, with a good song, some small-talk, and infinite good humor, led him into all societies, and distinguished him in each. With the men, he would drink, game, sing, swear, run, ride, box, bet, or fight duels all day long; with the women, his accomplishments were not fewer or less fatal. Garvey was the Irish Don Juan: Rochester was a continent character in comparison—a mere abbot of St. John. He had a wife in every town he visited, and as many concubines as Solomon. Nature erred in making him a Christian,—he should have been born in Turkey, with all the fair prerogatives of a three-tailed Bashaw. I don't know in what consists his moral strength,—but women he admits to be his weakness. You could hardly stumble on a family in those times (which had a female part) that he had not attacked. His name was a tocsin of terror to all husbands and lovers; and wherever he came, elopements, seductions, and crim. cons. were the looked-for and general result. Thus for many years he may be said to have supplied the subject-matter to all the scandalizing tea-drinking parties in the Island. He was, in short, the complete personification of an Irish "fine fellow;" and certainly the most "imposing" character it has ever been my fortune to meet with.

Andrew Cherry, it seems, thought it a pity that such an individual should be lost to posterity, and determined to perpetuate him by means of the profession he adorned; which he did, a few years after, by that vilgarized but faithful portrait—Paddy Carey.

Garvey's personal notoriety was the secret of his theatrical success; men and women would flock to see him, and not the character he assumed; and as he never wanted an engagement in private, a similar good fortune was the result in his employments.—To pass on:—Jack Kane, our low comedian, I shall come to by and by. Macready and O'Neil (both living in 1827) were clever in their respective paths; and Miss Knipe, afterwards Mrs. Cherry, was a pretty actress.

The father of this latter was a well-known manager in Ireland, distinguished by no small portion of the spirit peculiar to the extinct races of the Whitely's and the Thornton's. If my reader derived any amusement from these worthies, he will forgive me, perhaps, if I introduce the above to his acquaintance.

Knipe was a very plain man, both in his looks and fashionables; but he had a handsome wife, who was very fond of dress, as most managers' wives are, that attire being a proper importance to their husbands' situations. Arriving at an inn one evening during a journey, Mrs. K. was shown into the parlor with great ceremony, where she ordered supper; but Knipe remained outside to see his horse attended to, and his buggy-turned over. Satisfying himself upon the first point, he walked up to the Teddy who was putting his vehicle, when the latter mistook him for his wife's servant, and said, "Troth my jewel, honey, you're a mighty fine gentleman, to make me wash your buggy, when I have ever so many delicate plates and dishes to clane in-doors! Take the mop, you divil, and work away at the wheels, whilst I fetch another bucket of water." Knipe, being a fellow of infinite good-humor, laughed at his mistake, and confirmed him in it by complying with his wish.

When Teddy returned a conversation ensued as to what sort of situation Knipe enjoyed. "You've pretty good wages, I shouldn't doubt, darling?"—"As much money as I can get," said Knipe.—"And does that beautiful lady, your mistress, give it all to you?"—"No—but she assists me."—"How long have you lived wid her?"—"Three years."—"How long shall you stop?"—"As long as I live."—"Oh, you lucky divil!—sarve that lovely crecher all your life—you should do it for nothing.—And is she very kind to you?"—"Very—very fond of me."—"The divil?—She couldn't live without me."—"You don't say so!"—"And a word in your ear."—"Well."—"Pin to sleep with her to-night!"—"Och, bubaloo! Oh, you angel of the sivinth heaven!—what star was you born under?"

Knipe, anticipating no consequences from such an equivoque, went into supper when the buggy was cleaned; but Teddy had been so struck with the beauty of Mrs. K. that he could not restrain his envy at her husband's happiness, and divulged what he had heard to a fellow-servant, who telling it to a second, it was reported to a third, and so proceeded through every male and female link of the domestic machine, till it reached the landlady, who was naturally shocked.—Knipe was unknown to her; and his mean appearance sufficiently established her servant's mistake. She accordingly determined to watch his movements at night, and prevent such a disgrace to her house, if attempted. Mrs. K. retired early to bed; but her spouse, as was his usual custom, sat up to smoke his pipe, and drink a tumbler of whiskey. At length he took up the light, and followed his wife's steps; having been informed by her what chamber he was to go to. As he ascended the stairs, he heard whisperings in the passage, and the noise of moving to and fro; but it was perfectly dark, and he could see nothing. On gaining the landing-place, he perceived the various doors ajar, and was about to proceed to No. 10, when they flew open with a simultaneous clang, and out rushed the domestics of the inn, who surrounded and seized him, the treacherous Teddy and the infuriated hostess at their head. "Go along, Sir," said she; "go down-stairs, Sir; you know, you was to slape over the stable. Do you think to make a tawdry-house of a respectable inn?" Knipe, in the utmost consternation, demanded the reason of such treatment; and his wife, who was in bed, called out to him, "My dear! what's the matter?"—"Oh, hould your tongue, Marm," replied the landlady; "you ought to be ashamed of sich doings in a jointed place of entertainment!—Slape wid your servant!—Oh, fie! Bad luck to your taste!"

Knipe now kicked and struggled in the grasp of a dozen Irish wenches and one cowboys to little purpose; and the appearance of Mrs. K. at her door, who had jumped up in the greatest alarm, only fortified their hearts, instead of melting them, at such an open evidence of female frailty. To all her addresses, therefore, to let him go,—that he was her husband, &c., they replied by shaking their heads, putting their hands to their faces, and crying, "Fie, fie! O you naughty woman! go along!"—and to Knipe: "Get down stairs, you big blackguard!" A terrible squabble ensued below; and Knipe was eventually released, though not without danger of paying a penalty for his joke.

SLIGO GLEE CLUB.—I need scarcely remark, that the Irish are as musical as they are convivial:—they make the best companions, and they sing the best songs. Every town I had visited contained "a catch and glee club," and Sligo could boast of one with no inferior attractions. Through the favor of Mr. Tyler, I was introduced to it, and attended every meeting that my public duties permitted me. One evening I happened to be the only Englishman in the room, and the members took the opportunity of roasting me upon my nationalities,—(viz. beef-eating, bell ringing, coal-burning, card-playing, &c.) It being my profession to stand forward for the world's amusement, (though rather to be laughed at,) I bore this infliction very patiently, till called on by the chairman for a song, when I gave "Paddy and the Prober," which contained more satire upon Ireland in five lines, than all they had said against England for the evening. As soon as I had commenced however, a gentleman entered the room who had been some time absent from Sligo, and who quietly took a seat at the door, to prevent my interruption. When I concluded there was a hearty laugh from every one but this gentleman, who, ignorant of any provocation, conceived the song to be an insult to the company: he therefore walked up to the table, filled a glass of wine, and approaching me, said—"Sir, I have listened to your song, and I beg you to consider that I have thrown this glass of wine in your face." This was a direct challenge, and though elegantly conveyed, the object certainly filled me with a novel and sudden sensation of terror. Some words ensued, and Mr. Tyler rose and went out of the room with my antagonist. I was then informed that his name was Jones, and that he was a dead shot; and I then remembered that Jones was one of the names I had read under a bullet-hole in the "Sligo Assembly-room." In a few minutes Mr. Tyler returned, and said that it was necessary I should fight. Mr. Jones, and he was sorry that, being that gentleman's intimate friend, it was out of his power to be my second, but that he would lend me his pistols. A horrid vision now passed before my eyes, of the Sligo Assembly-room, and my name under an ineffectual bullet; but I was pretty well primed at this time, and, despising both danger and reason, replied, that "I had never played the coward but on the stage, and could always act like a gentleman off; the aggrieved party had therefore only to name his time and place, and I would procure a friend and meet him. When Mr. Tyler again quitted the room, the chairman called for the glee of "How shall we mortals spend our hours?" and requested I would take a part in it. I complied, but sang with little spirit, for the idea of the duel was uppermost, and that pointed out a way in which I should spend one, and perhaps the last, of my hours, neither as agreeable as in love or in drinking. Before it concluded, Mr. Tyler and his friend returned to the room and took their seats; and the latter, when permitted, filled two glasses of wine, and putting them on a tray, approached me again, accompanied by Mr. Tyler, and begged I would drink a glass of wine with him, and not, as he had said before, consider that I felt it in my face, Mr. Tyler having satisfactorily explained it away by singing "Paddy and the Prober," and having demonstrated no intention to insult me by my willingness to render satisfaction where it had been presumed.

I give my reader leave to imagine, that I took up the glass with more pleasure than I should have done the pistols, and cheerfully swallowed, with its contents, all hope of perpetuating my name on the wainscot of the "Sligo Assembly-room."

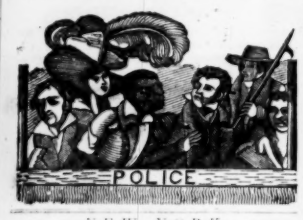
WEATHER IN NEW-YORK.

From the American.

If people only paused to reflect how much they are indebted to the weather for an exhaustless subject of conversation, they would at least speak more charitably, if they did not cease to abuse it altogether; and yet it must be confessed that the unkindly skies we have shivered under during this spring are, in the absence of mad dogs and the non-appearance of the cholera, fair game for the cracksmen. We have not, to be sure, had one of those "real storms," which some tourist tells of, when, after a preliminary flourish of a shower a minute for three weeks together, "it sets in to rain,"—they don't say how long. But wind and storm have just scuffled sufficiently to keep the atmosphere in confusion, and mislead many well-meaning people as to which having the ascendancy, they should join in their allegiance. A peep into Broadway, an unusual thing for us, the other day, enabled us to reconnoitre the contending factions to advantage. The storm party, or winter people, we observed, were generally arrayed in cloaks, or wrappers, and foraging caps; while the sunshine party, or those who insist upon it that it is spring, were uniformed in white vests and drilling trowsers. Those who had joined neither party, of whom, by the bye, there were the greater number, we observed were in a state of armed neutrality, and, with coats buttoned to the chin and dark, keen looking umbrellas, presented a very warlike appearance. Like all neutrals, however, they occasionally averted toward one party or the other of the belligerents, as either obtained the ascendancy. When the cloudy banner of the winter party was floating in murky folds through the sky, they shook out their umbrellas and buttoned their coats still closer, with a most unpardonable air of satisfaction at being thus prepared for what might happen, and not having committed themselves upon the other side. When the saffron standard of the sunshine faction would occasionally stream across the heavens, these wily non-combatants twisted their umbrellas until they became as attenuated as a walking-stick; and at the same time showing a light vest beneath their now unbuttoned coats, they strutted with the same complacency of demeanor you may often observe in a politician who, having been long "upon the fence," is just stepping over in right time to come in for a share of good things to be got on the other side. The exulting looks of this party in either extremity would be forgiven, however, even by those who most disapprove of trimming courses. Human nature—as some English sage profoundly remarks,—"Human nature is human nature"—a pithy aphorism, which solves the thousand secrets of our hearts better than all the apothegms of Bacon, La Bruyere or Rochefoucault, and makes it perfectly intelligible why half the satisfaction with which a man unfurls his umbrella in an unexpected shower is derived from the reflection that less provident people are scudding along like drowned rats beside him; or why, again, when sauntering along in a cool summer dress on a hot day, he feels such a sovereign contempt for the unhappy wight, who, leaving home when the morning was cold and lowering, is now returning to it at sultry noon, encumbered with a bale of broadcloth in the shape of a Spanish cloak upon his shoulders. These elementary dissensions, now that the last north-easter, who, between the public and ourselves, is suspected of being at the bottom of the whole business, has blown himself out, may, notwithstanding the unsettled state of the sky to-day, be considered as nearly terminated; and the poets may now safely begin to prose about verdant fields and bland skies, and the prosers to potize about big peas and giant strawberries. June is at hand—the leafy month of June—the month which, in our green forest land, is the liveliest of the year—when brooks run clearest, birds sing sweetest, and flowers are most fragrant—when the blue violet studs the meadow, and the dogwood-blossoms float among the undulating foliage like the foam which flecks a troubled sea,—and when green fields and green turtle attract all the sensible inhabitants of this goodly city to Hoboken. This is the month of months: yes, though they may talk of May for ever, this is the month when sweetest in the maiden's ear

"Sounds love's delightful story."

Sir James Campbell, in his memoirs, gives an account of his introduction to the Pandemonium, a dinner club, held at a house in Clarges-street, Piccadilly:—I had previously been proposed (by Mr. Foote) and balloted for; I went alone. In the arm-chair next the fire I found a fat gentleman seated whom I had never seen before. Standing by his side in close conversation was a dapper little man, with whom it seemed to me as if I had already been acquainted. In other parts of the room there were several little groups of individuals, evidently waiting with impatience for the announcement of dinner.—Among these I discovered a person to whom I could address myself as having formerly been named to, but him I found so deeply immersed in some cogitation of his own, that it was not without a good deal of difficulty I could induce him to present me to the stout gentleman in the chair, and one or two others whose acquaintance I was desirous of making. The person I addressed was Oliver Goldsmith, the most abstract man in Europe. He who first attracted my attention I found to be the great moralist of the age, the author of the Rambler



NEW-YORK

A DEAF AND DUMB WITNESS.—An interesting examination of a dumb complainant says the Courier, was conducted in the Police office by *James Neal*, the well known deaf and dumb poet.

The complainant entered the office and wrote on a slip of paper that he had just then been robbed of a pair of gold earrings. Mr. Huntington, one of the Police officers, was immediately despatched with the complainant, who conducted him to a house in Orange street, near the Five Points, where he quickly pointed out a colored female who sat before a window. Mr. H. arrested her, and recognised her as an old offender named Eliza Paterson. Mr. Dean who happened to be in the Police office sent to the office of the Clerk of the County, for the son of Mr. Aston.—The messenger found the lad there with James Nack, and accompanied them to the Police office; where they examined the complainant.

In answer to their questions, he informed them that in passing through Orange street, the rain came down in heavy showers; to avoid getting wet he stopped in a store there, when the prisoner—probably learning his infirmities—thrust her hand into his vest pocket and snatched away the rings.

As his statement was made on oath, she was fully committed for trial.

The complainant referred to a respectable family, as to his general good character. He states that his name is Ira Stone, that he is a native of Wilmington, in Maine, and follows the occupation of peddling jewelry for a living.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.—In the midst of a heavy shower of rain, which took place about H o'clock yesterday forenoon, a "shabby genteel" looking young fellow, closely buttoned up in a tight black coat and narrow inexpressibles, who had been pacing up and down the hall, was observed by a legal gentleman to approach a large silk umbrella, which had just been laid down to dry, near the door of the Common Pleas room. Looking slyly round, the fellow quietly raised the article rendered so useful by the rain, and briskly moved off towards the flight of steps leading down on the north west end of the hall, and was instantly pursued by the gentleman who observed him, and he to whom the umbrella belonged. The pursuers gave the alarm, and the pursued quickened his course down the steps leading to the old Police—a course with which he seemed to be well acquainted. On reaching the exterior of the hall he threw the umbrella down, on which the pursuers—probably not wishing to encounter the rain—allowed the fellow to escape.

MAY 26th.—Last evening a tall young man, named James Agnew, but who gave his name George Canning, went to take lodgings at No. 32 Park-row, where he had lodged for two or three nights. The keeper of the house suspected him of being a rogue, as his lodgers had their pockets rifled on the night that he had been there, and accordingly took him into custody. On his examination at the office he was recognised as having been to Sing Sing, and he finally admited that he came from there the 15th inst.

27th.—Last evening a trunk containing clothing was taken from the Steamboat Experiment, and taken on the dock, where the two offenders were rifling it when discovered. One of them was apprehended with the property, brought up and committed—the other escaped.

28th.—Peter Morse, a tall stout man, well known to many shop keepers in this city, as having purchased goods, promising to pay for them when delivered at his lodgings, and whilst on the way directing the person to return and get something else, during which he decamped with the property, was yesterday met at a barber's shop by Mr. Sparks, the officer, who escorted him to the Hall, where he was soon identified as the offender, was to-day examined and fully committed for trial. He has already had one term in the penitentiary for the like offence.

A young man named Hill, who has been a long time employed in an extensive tailoring establishment in William-street, was committed to the Bridewell yesterday on a charge of having defrauded his employers of goods to the amount of about $500. The establishment was in the practice of making extensive shipments to the southern markets. When the goods arrived there, it was almost always found that the goods received fell short of the invoices. Suspicion rested on various persons engaged, and the practice of the fraud has been carried on more than a year, although the thief escaped to this time.

His arrest was caused by his having been seen on Tuesday to secrete a pair of fine pantaloons in his hat. He was immediately charged with the entire fraud, and will be tried at the ensuing session.—*Courier of Thursday.*

AUDACITY.—A singular piece of boldness was put in practice on Tuesday afternoon, in defrauding the Messrs. Scott & Leggett, of 72 Hudson-street.

A female, in the garb of a domestic, called at the store and selected two pieces of very fine linen, which she requested might be sent by one of the lads in the store to the residence of a gentleman in Barclay-street, whom she named. The boy, on his arrival, was hastily met at the door by the female; he immediately handed to her the linen to take up stairs, but finding that she delayed an unusual length of time, he made inquiry, and discovered that she was not to be found; that no person had been sent on such an errand; and no person answering to the description given of her resided in the house. Whilst the lad remained standing in the hall, a female in a different dress walked quickly past. He supposes that she entered some of the rooms up stairs, and hastily put on a bonnet and cloak, neither of which she had on before.

A reward of $10 is offered for the recovery of the linen, which was worth $40.—*Courier.*

STEALING BY WHOLESALE.—For a number of months past, various articles have been missing from Captain Fox's tavern and other public houses on Christian Hill, very mysteriously, and no one could account for them. On Saturday evening last, about $150 worth of goods were stolen from Capt. Fox's barn; on Monday evening last Capt. Fox watched alone, when about 12 o'clock, he discovered a man entering the barn and saw him shortly after come out with a back load of goods—after a short time, he returned to the barn and took a keg of rice on his back, and was making for his quarters, when he was immediately stopped by Capt. Fox and others—his house was then searched, which was found filled with every kind of goods, viz.—barrels of flour, bags of pepper, kegs of butter, cheese, whips, pantaloons, vests, forty boxes segars, chains, powder, rice, iron ware, and all kinds of country produce—the articles found in his possession filled three wagons—amounting to several hundred dollars.—Whoever has lost goods, had better call at Capt. Fox's tavern, High-street, and examine the articles found. The thief is Capt. John Warren, who has for a great number of years kept public houses in different parts of this city—his residence was a short distance above Capt. Fox's tavern in the stone building. Capt. Fox deserves the thanks of the public for his vigilance in detecting the most infamous gang of abandoned scoundrels and villains that ever infested Providence. Warren wore a very curious pair of moccasins, expressly prepared for the business. So numerous are the articles found in Warren's house, that it is impossible to describe them—there was every article one can possibly imagine. He was yesterday committed to the state jail, in this city, to take his trial before the Supreme Court in Sept. Such a scene was never witnessed in Providence before—hundreds of people were present examining the goods and proving their property, which had been lost for a year past. [Providence Pat.

We learn from the papers that one Mr. *Pepper*, in Rhode Island, has been convicted and sentenced—so saith the authority—to stand on the 27th of April, inst. between the hours of 10 and 1 o'clock, with a rope about his neck, on the gallows," &c. &c.

It was cruel in the sex, in their eagerness to try a *spice* of his quality, to render Mr. P. liable to such an exposure.

SUMMARY PUNISHMENT.—Wiley Anderson, said to be a murderer and a noted horse thief, who resided in Habersham county in this State, fled from justice into South Carolina, and was overtaken in Spartenburgh District by Wm. Hamilton, B. Vaugh, and P. Hudgins, but refusing to stop, the three fired upon him and shot him dead! He was armed at the time with a pistol, charged and cocked.—*Georgian.*

VENETIAN POLICE.—A Frenchman of high rank who had been robbed at Venice, and had complained in conversation of the negligence of the police, saying they were vigilant only as spies on the stranger, was on his way back to the Terra Firma, when his gondola stopped suddenly in the midst of the waves. He enquired the reason, and his gondoliers pointed to a boat with a red flag that had just made them a signal. It arrived, and he was called on board. "You are the Prince de Ceron? Were you not robbed on Friday evening?" "I was." "Of what?" "Of five hundred ducats." "And where were they?" "In a green purse." "Do you suspect any body?" "I do, a servant." "Would you know him again?" "Certainly." The interrogator with his foot turned aside an old cloak that lay there, and the Prince beheld his purse in the hand of a dead man. "Take it, and remember that none set their feet again in a country where they have presumed to doubt the wisdom of the government."—*Note to Rogers' Italy.*

[It is by anecdotes such as this, and by *coups de theatre*, that an impression has been created that despotic governments, which have acted by the agency of spies, have really efficient police establishments, and that an efficient preventive police could only be obtained at the sacrifice of public liberty. The French police, under M. Fouche, is supposed to have been perfect. Never was there a greater delusion. The action of that police for apprehension was very efficient, but for prevention it was as inefficient as the English police. Robberies and murders have been as frequent, professed depredators as numerous, in Paris as in London. In all cases, the employment of spies implies the toleration of one set of delinquents for the purpose of occasionally betraying another set. No system of police ever has acted, or ever can work well, which has not the entire confidence and active support of the people.—*London Examiner.*]

As the Summer months approach we may anticipate the midnight breathings of the flute, sighing under lattices where beauty sleeps and dreams. That there may be no mistake about the window, or the disposition of the inmate, we commend the following from "P's and Q's" as cautionary.—[*Transcript.*]

THE SERENADE.

I'm almost tired of waiting here—
"Awake, my love! arise!"
Here, like a sleepless tabby cat,
I'm howling at the skies.

The stars are twinkling merrily,
But they no answer make;
Inferior, they resign to thee—
"Arise, my love! awake!"

But soft—the lattice opes—"My love—
What is my love's decree?",
[*Black girl at the window.*]
"My missy wish you go away,
And let her quiet be.

Exit Serenader, singing "Hey Betty Martin.

The following incident has occasioned much conversation.—A discussion arose on Monday at a coffee house on the Boulevard des Italiens, between an elderly gentleman and a young man with black mustachios, which was followed by a challenge given by the latter.—When the parties arrived on the spot, the seconds measured the distance and loaded the pistols. During these preparations the young mustachioed hero kept walking about humming a tune. The grey-headed gentleman said nothing, but when every thing was ready, suggested that an explanation might even then prevent matters proceeding to extremities; but his antagonist, encouraged by this forbearance, indignantly refused to listen to any thing of the kind. His adversary then coolly took up his pistol, and seeing a bird flying in the air with great rapidity, he fired at and killed it. The young man turned pale, on which the skilful marksman said—"You have now seen a proof of my skill, and must either stand my fire or add 100 Napoleons to the subscription opened for the unfortunate cholera patients. Decide quickly, and recollect the larger the bird the more easy it is to hit him." The proposition was accepted, and we understand that the money was paid on the same day to one of the arrondissements of Paris.—PARIS PAPER.

Extract from Earl GREY's reply to the Bishop of Exeter, on the second reading of the Reform Bill in the House of Lords:

Earl Grey rose to reply. He maintained that the feeling of the public in favor of reform had been expressed long before he attained power.—The feeling on the subject, indeed, was so strong that reform was inevitable. The only question, then, was as to the nature of that reform. [Hear, hear.] This feeling had been sometimes dormant, sometimes loudly expressed, but it never ceased to exist. It was equally necessary for the safety and peace of the country that the measure of reform should have been satisfactory, and that it should have been speedily produced. He denied that the production of the measure had produced the agitation in the country. The political unions had been in existence before he had come into power. Something like an attack had been made upon him by the noble and learned lord. In allusion to the speech of the bishop of Exeter, he said—"I have been congratulated by a learned and right Rev. Prelate, that I have rejected with scorn and indignation the stigma of revolution. The charity of that sneer, and of that insinuation is not lost upon me—[immense cheering.] but I tell the right Rev. Prelate that I have a long life to appeal to, which even those who know me not in private will think sufficient to justify me in the opinion of my countrymen from the foul and malignant charges which he, in his Christian charity, has thought proper to prefer against me.—[Great cheering, and cries of "Order."] I have a stake also in the country, perhaps as large a one as he has. I have also given pledges to my country,—pledges which must prove my sincere desire to transmit to my posterity the property which I have received from my ancestors,—pledges which ought to satisfy the country that I shall not, with my eyes open, undertake any thing that is dangerous to the constitution. The right Rev. Prelate threw out insinuations about my ambition.—Let me tell him calmly that the pulses of ambition may beat as strongly under sleeves of lawn as under an ordinary habit. [Immense cheering.] I wish not to pursue farther a subject on which I feel strongly; but a speech more unbecoming the character of a Christian bishop,—a speech more inconsistent with the love of peace,—[cheers]—a speech more remote from the charity which ought to distinguish a clergyman of his order—[cheers]—a speech more replete with insinuations and charges calculated to promote disunion and discord in the community, never was uttered within the walls of this or any other House of Parliament." [Continued cheers.]

From the English Ladies' Cabinet.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR MAY.—The spring fashions this year are later than usual; nevertheless it is not the fault of our manufacturers—they have brought forward an abundant choice of new and elegant materials, some of which are already fashionable, and others we have no doubt will become so in the course of the month.

Some plain ginghams, of a very fine kind, have just been made up for morning dresses; they are open in front, but drop a good deal to the left side; the corsage high behind, and fitting close to the shape, is made something in the habit style, only that the collar is deeper, and the lappel broader. We should observe also that the left side of the corsage, as well as the skirt, wraps considerably across the right. The sleeves of these dresses are of a new kind; they are not so wide at the upper part as those recently worn, and descending of a moderate width to the wrist, which is finished by a deep tight cuff, that, turning back, confines the sleeve close to the arm, nearly half way to the elbow.

Moire is still the most fashionable material for bonnets, but some fancy ones have already appeared; one of these, that begins to be very much worn, is a kind of glazed tissue, extremely light, and of various colors. Bonnets continue to be made of the cottage shape; they are more trimmed than last month. Feathers are now as much worn as flowers, but before the end of the month the latter will be most in request. Two, or at most three, very short ostrich feathers are employed for the bouquet, which is placed perpendicular in front of the crown: if flowers are employed they are placed on one side.

From the World of Fashion.

EVENING DRESS.—It is composed of a rose colored moire, corsage a revers, made very low round the bust; the revers is cut round the edge in dents of a new form. Long sleeves of white gauze de soir. Head dress of rose-colored crape, arranged in the turban style in front, but open behind to display the hair ornamented with a gold comb. The plumage of a bird of paradise is placed on the left side, and a light pearl ornament in the centre. Jewelry, gold and rubies.

MORNING DRESS.—It is composed of violette de Parme gros de Naples. The corsage made quite high, is draped on the bosom, and ornamented with a double lappel of the same material, which traverses the front of the skirt, and goes round the border in the tunic style. The hat is of moire, to correspond, lined with gold colored moire, and trimmed with gauze riband.

RIDING DRESS.—A dark cinnamon-colored cloth habit. The corsage is very little open upon the bust, and slightly pointed in front. Small dark brown beaver hat, ornamented with a white ostrich feather. Habit shirt frilled round the collar, and gold colored gros de Naples cravat.

NAPLES, END OF MARCH.—Sir Walter Scott, it is said, has not suspended his literary occupations, amidst the manifold objects that engage his attention here. He is said to be about a new novel, or tale, the subject of which is taken from the history of the Knights of Malta, and was probably suggested to him by a visit to that island.—[We believe that, though the inclination to write may still be strong in our immortal countryman, the state of his health is not such as to permit its indulgence as speculated upon at Naples.]—*Literary Gazette.*

IRVING'S WORKS.—"A cotemporary print alludes to the great sale of the Waverly Novels, and of Lord Byron's Works, as being almost unprecedented. Two or three other publications, however, might be mentioned which have equalled, if not surpassed them, in point of number. As a singular instance, we might mention Washington Irving's Sketch Book—of which we have the best authority for believing that not less than 25,000 copies have been sold up to the present time, and we believe the new Sketch Book, which is forthcoming from the same author, the publishers calculate, allowing for the altered state of the times, on a sale of not less than 20,000."—*Globe.*

From the Vermont Patriot.

Every man can make an 'item' if he tries.—The following is the method:

A young man, of our acquaintance, lately *fell in love*! He was not materially injured by the *fall*.

The Newburyport Herald states that a *serpent* lately swallowed a live *rabbit* in Philadelphia, in *fifteen minutes!*

The Exeter News-Letter says, "no man in England is attacked by the Cholera, who pays promptly for his Newspapers. It attacks *horrowers* without exception." ☞It is very probable the Cholera will soon be in this country. We take Rye, Corn, Oats, and——*Cash.*

A *Woodchuck* was taken alive in this town one day last week, by two *Editors!* He was dressed in a gray coat and black breeches.

It is said to be a difficult thing for a shad to climb a tree tall foremost. We never witnessed an experiment of the kind, and therefore dare not hazard an opinion about the matter.

A GUESS.—Will you, Mr. Editor, allow a Yankee the exercise of his birth-right, and who dare claims at the same time any intention to add to, or take from, the literary reputation of the gentleman alluded to? But I guess that the author of the celebrated letters of O. P. Q. is a gentleman from Virginia—now at Paris—viz. Figures—the initials of whose name are H. L. Please put a pin here, and if it ever comes to light, and my guess is not correct, then say I am no

"YANKEE."

Harmonia Cœlestis.

CONCERTS on the above Instrument will be given every evening, at Concert Hall, 406 Broadway. Performance to commence at 8 o'clock. Tickets of admittance 50 cents, to be had at the Hall. Particulars in Bills.

To Sportsmen.

CHEAP FISHING TACKLE STORE.

THE subscriber begs leave to return his grateful thanks to his patrons and friends for the encouragement he has thus far received in his endeavors to establish permanently a cheap Fishing Tackle store; and also hopes that they will still favour and sustain him with the same—he also begs leave to inform them that he has constantly on hand a very great quantity of Fishing Tackle, all of which is fitted up in the most elegant and superior style viz. A large assortment of Canton and Calcutta, Bamboo Fishing rods with or with out Joints; for Fly and other fishing. Grass Gut silk, and Hair lines of English and American manufacture, swivel-sinkers, floats, artificial baits; such as for Trout, Salmon, Pike, and other fishing, too numerous to mention. Also—2 or 300,000 of Hemming's best steel Fish hooks and a large assortment of fine Limerick hooks, several thousand Savannah canes, for fishing and reed making, all of which may be had wholesale and retail.

P. S. It would be an advantage to those wishing to purchase to call and select such articles of Tackling as they would wish in his line, as they would get a bargain.

N. B. Just received—a large quantity of superior, fresh Silk-worm Guts, which he offers for sale on the most reasonable terms.

ABR'M BROWER,
230 Water street.

THE COOK'S OWN BOOK—Being a complete Encyclopædia, comprehending all valuable receipts for cooking Meat, Fish, and Fowl, and comprising every kind of Soup, Gravy, Pastry, Preserves, Essences, &c. that have been published or invented during the last twenty years, with numerous original receipts and a complete system of Confectionary, this day published and for sale by Wm. STODART, 6 Courtlandt st.

MAELZEL'S EXHIBITION of the Conflagration of Moscow, Automaton Chess-Player, &c. at the Masonic Hall Broadway. Performance every evening, to commence at 8 o'clock. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Admittance 50 cents. Children half price. The two front benches are exclusively appropriated for children. Tickets may be had during the day at the Exhibition Hall, or the door in the evening.

New-York Musical Fund.

THE members of this Society, and the public are informed, that the First Concert for the current year will be given on Tuesday Evening, the 12th June. The Directors have great pleasure in announcing the engagement of the following eminent talent.

Vocal Performers.

Mrs. AUSTIN,
Miss HUGHES
Mr. JONES, of the Park Theatre.

La Senorita SANTA MARIA, Prima Donna of Italian Opera at Mexico, who has gratuitously tendered her services.

Six Instrumental Performers.

Miss STERLING,
Mr. NORTON,

Mr. P. H. TAYLOR,
PENTLAND.

An Orchestra of unusual strength has been engaged.

The Programme will be published in the ensuing week.

Vauxhall Garden.

THIS delightful Garden is now open for the season and brilliantly lighted every fair evening. A first rate band of music will perform from 7 to half past 10. Admittance to non-subscribers one shilling. N. B. The subscription book is now open at the garden. Family season tickets $5. The subscriber would respectfully state, that he has engaged for the season a superior Band, conducted by Mr. Friedlein, late leader of the Eighth Legion National Guards Paris, who trusts by his exertions this summer, to establish in this city the character he enjoyed as a Musician in Paris. Selections of Sacred Music from the most celebrated composers, every Sunday evening, in the Saloon.

S. HUNT.

AMERICAN MUSEUM.

KLEE'S celebrated *Planiarium*, with the Comet of 1832 attached, which has recently received the public approbation of Professor Renwick, Capt. Leslie, Dr. Pascalis, and most of the scientific gentlemen in New-York, will be exhibited on the evening of each day during the present week, when an Astronomical Lecture will be given at 2 P. M. by Mr. Vale, teacher of Astronomy and Navigation in this city, and author of the Cometarium, recently published.

N. B. The first correct information in relation to this Comet, was given by the exhibition of this instrument, and in a pamphlet published by Mr. Vale, since which time the statements then made have been confirmed by several able writers and competent judges.

P. S. Schools may be attended to during the day by previous application to the Museum.

MUSIC AT PEALE'S.

THE numerous visitors to this Museum, during the first nights of the performance of Mr. KENDALL, the celebrated Harpist, having expressed themselves so highly delighted with his astonishing execution on his sweet toned instrument, has induced the proprietor to engage him the *first four nights of each week* until further notice.

Mr. K. is accompanied by his brother on a newly invented French Flageolet.

The Living ANACONDA, or BOA CONSTRICTOR, the great strangling Serpent of India, is in fine health and perfectly docile; he is fed with a living rabbit every Monday evening, which he destroys in his folds and then swallows whole.

Living CAMELEON, whose power of changing his color is truly astonishing.

The COSMORAMA is set with several splendid Views, and forms a great attraction.

The EGYPTIAN MUMMY, or embalmed human being, at least 3,000 years old, is one of the greatest curiosities in this extensive and valuable repository of nature and art.

Admittance as usual 25 cents—children 12 1-2.

THE COMET OF 1832;

"Whose train's enormous sweep,
Doubling Heaven's farthest cape, now re-appears
From her long travel of a thousand years."

JUST PUBLISHED, a Large Planisphere Representation, or Map, of the Situation and appearance of the approaching Comet, its apparent diurnal course, and the principal Constellations and Fixed Stars that lie along its path, as they will be seen in the Heavens; including an Ephemeris of its daily progress in Right Ascension and Declination; the times of its Rising, Passing the Meridian, &c. from the time it first becomes visible to the period of its final disappearance. The explanatory matter embraced in the Map, founded upon accredited cometations, will render the whole eminently interesting and perfectly intelligible; and at the same time enable the commonest observer to direct his eye to that point in heavens where the Comet will make its appearance, and to trace its onward progress from day to day.

Orders may be addressed to D. F. Robinson & Co., Hartford; Gray & Bowen, Boston; Jonathan Leavitt, New-York; Carey & Lea, Philadelphia; Seymour & Hutchison, Cincinnati; and Purse & Stiles, Savannah. As it is not probable, however, that this work can circulate, in the ordinary course of trade, over but a limited portion of the United States, before the time, individuals may rely upon receiving a copy immediately by mail on remitting one dollar, of any specie-paying bank, to *Hezekiah Seymour, New-Britain, Conn.* and publishers of papers, who give this notice a few insertions, addressed in like manner, shall have a copy.

Parthenon Reading-Room,

AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

THE subscriber begs leave to call the attention of every class of readers to his Library. It being very extensive, and amply supplied with works in every department of Literature, it will be found to afford a cheap and easy method of access to all the most valuable books in the English language. The collection of Periodical publications is unequalled. A primary object, also, of the proprietor, will be to furnish the subscribers with a more immediate and regular supply of New Publications, than has hitherto been attainable, and for this purpose a large number of each will be secured, as they issue from the press.

The connexion with the Library of an amply provided Literary Reading Room, offers great advantages; as for much less than the cost of one single London Journal or Review, nearly thirty British and ten to fifteen American periodicals besides Newspapers may be read. Both Library and Reading Rooms are kept open from an early hour in the Morning till ten at night. The room is furnished with the Morning and Evening papers of the city—papers from the principal cities and towns of the United States and Canada, and with a large collection of Foreign and American Periodicals. Duplicates of most of these are also taken, as soon as they are published, for the use of the Library.

CHARLES S. FRANCIS, Book-seller and Stationer, No. 252 Broadway.

Fishing and Fowling Tackle STORE,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

CHARLES R. TAYLOR, No. 112 Maiden Lane, near Broadway, New-York.—Gut, Grass, Hair, Silk, and Hemp Lines, Hickory, Ash, Hazel, and Bamboo Rods, either solid or in the Walking Stick, for Fly and other fishing. Single and Compound Reels of superior quality. Hoops and Netts—Fishing Baskets—Artificial Baits of all kinds—Fish-hooks of every description. Swivels, brass or steel—Swivel Leads—Bait Needles—Disgorgers—Bait Boxes—and Floats of all sizes.

Also—Single and Double Barrelled Guns and Pistols of various qualities. Shot Belts, single and double—Powder and Liquor Flasks—Game Netts—Cleaning Rods—Wad Cutters—Nipple wrenches and Turn screws—Dog whips and calls—Dog collars of all sizes—Drinking cups—and Pocket lights. Sportsmen's apparatus, consisting of Knife, Fork, Spoon, Cork-screw, Powder of the best quality, and all sizes of Shot.

Swords, Belts, Epaulets, and Plumes also a variety of articles in the Hardware and Cutlery line.

L. I. COHEN,

REFINED Black Lead Pencil and Everpoint Pencil manufacturer, and importer of Fancy Articles, 71 William street New-York.

TO SPORTSMEN

NOTT'S TENNESSEE AND KENTUCKY.

EACH of the 3lbs given to the sportsmen of subscriber has opened a road States, that the Columbia Adair county, Ky. with CRACK at by persons who are experienced in the to be, of racing, and who have had frequent opportunities of judging, not inferior, but rather superior to any track now in either of the States. If the Lexingtonians and Nashvillians, they whom it is believed, own and run the best horses in their respective States, wish to contend with each other and meet upon half way ground, the Columbia Turf is the place. If any number of men with their horses, wish to be accommodated, when they come to Columbia, to the races or on other business, they can call on the subscriber.—He occupies the large and commodious brick building, for a city occupied as a Tavern by John Graham, and has supplied himself amply with every thing necessary for the entertainment of travellers.

m 19 JAMES MOORE.

GREENSBURGH CENTRAL COURSE.

THE Greensburgh Jockey Club deem it advisable to inform the raisers of fine horses, that they have a coursing ground adjoining Greensburgh, which will be made an accurate mile three feet from the inner edge, and put into fine order the ensuing fall—From the central situation of the course being 110 miles from Nashville, 90 from Lexington, and 85 from Louisville, the principal racing points, it offers many advantages as a convenient place of concentration between the racers of those cities.

Understanding that there is a likelihood of being a match race made between the gentlemen of Tennessee and those of Kentucky, the Greensburgh Jockey Club recommend the above named course as a convenient place of meeting, and together with the proprietor of the course, pledge themselves it shall be made equal to any racing ground in the west.

The Club have a respectable purse for an early day in October; but in the event of the proposed race being run over their course, they will conform to any time which may suit the convenience of the parties.

Good accommodations for horses will be provided. By order of the Club.

TO SPORTSMEN.

THE subscriber offers for sale a superior assortment of Sportsmen's Pocket Knifes of every description in Buck Horn, Buffalo, Ivory and Pearl Handles, containing Fleams, Lancets, Screw-drivers, Gun-picks, Saws, and every other Instrument necessary for accidental use.

Also, the Scientific Self-defender, (*suitable for the meridian of Washington*) and miniature Pocket Pistols, percussioned with guards, &c. the barrels one inch long. A select assortment of Fishing Tackle, consisting of Trout and River Rods, Artificial flies, Baits, Lines &c. &c.

LEWIS,
Wall street, No. 3, corner of New st. opposite the Wall-street church.

☞VISITING and ADDRESS CARDS of every description engraved and printed at short notice. my 26

TO SPORTSMEN.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale a general assortment of Select Fishing Tackle—Consisting of superior Trout, Fly, and River Bag-rods; do. Walking Cane Rods; best Multiplying Reels; Landing and Shrimp Nets; patent India-grass, Flax and Hair Lines of all lengths; Silk-worm, Gut, Stretchers, Swivel Sinkers; Improved Limerick and Kirby Hooks; Artificial Flies; do. Fishes, Floats, &c. &c. All the above articles are expressly adapted to the Sports of this Country. LEWIS,
No. 3 Wall-st., cor. New-st., opposite the Church.

*** Visiting and Address Cards engraved and printed.*

To Sportsmen.

JUST Received—*Hawker on Shooting* or *Instructions to Young Sportsmen*—in all that relates to guns and shooting—difference between the Flint and Percussion System—Preservation of Game—Getting access to all kinds of Birds—Specific directions with new apparatus for Wild Fowl Shooting, both on the coast, and in fresh water—new directions for Trout fishing, and advice to young Sportsmen on various other subjects, by Lieut. Col. Hawker, 6th edition in 8vo. enlarged and improved with 30 fine plates and wood cuts.

"Col. Hawker is one of the best shots in England, and his "Instructions to Sportsmen" the very best book we have on the subject."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

☞A few copies of this valuable work imported and for sale by Peabody & Co. 219 Broadway 2 doors from St. Paul's Church.

Hardware & Fishing Tackle STORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed his store from No. 395 Pearl street to No. 52 Fulton street, where he offers for sale a general assortment of Fancy Articles in the Hardware line; also a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle, consisting of almost every article in the line, viz. fly and river rods, brass and wood reels, stakers, floats, swivels, silkworm gut, Black Bass, Weak, Perch, Trout, Pickerel, and a variety of other fish hooks too tedious to name. Hooks attened on gut, gimp grass, hair silk and flax lines, gut leaders, a variety of artificial baits, such as Shrimp, Minnow, &c. Trout, Herring and Salmon Flies. New-London and other lines of every description.

Also a general assortment of Powder, Shot and Flints. Where also may be had a constant supply of Macdonald's Paste and Liquid Blacking. J. Durell's writing ink, both superior articles.

T. W. HORSFIELD,
No. 52 Fulton-street.

BEHEAN,

HAIR CUTTER AND DRESSER,
No. 411 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

NOTICE. To be sold at auction, at Tattersall's, on Monday afternoon, between the hours of 1 and 5 P. M. a large fine black Horse; has been used in the city by a physician, and now to be sold to whoever it may concern.

J. W. Watson, 146 Broadway (Tattersall's.)

R. N. WHITE,

Engraver on Wood,

No. 7 THEATRE ALLEY,
NEW-YORK.

S. J. Sylvester, 130 Broadway,

KNOWN as the ever and always lucky, would remind his friends and the public at large, that he is regularly licensed by the several states in which he has offices, to vend authorized lottery tickets, all of which are the original—those persons purchasing of him, will be protected from fraud or imposition.

The general satisfaction *Sylvester* has hitherto given, and the liberal patronage he has received from all parts of the Union will but stimulate him in his exertions to meet the wishes of his friends, and of attention, punctuality, dispatch, and the strictest honor, will insure him the continuance of their favors, he feels confident of obliging them and he proudly refers to the past as a guarantee for the future. All those who are not already acquainted with Sylvester, can refer to the very first houses in every section of the country, also to the respectable managers, Messrs Yates & McIntyre.

In another advertisement it will be seen that S. J. S. attends as usual to the exchange and commission business; lets as will meet with the same attention as on personal application. Those who remit funds, without naming any particular class, will have tickets in the fair good scheme.

☞Orders must be addressed in all cases to S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, N. York Pittsburgh, Pa., Baltimore, Md.,

☞Orders to insure attention must only be addressed to any of my offices.

N. B. To save postage those that request a certificate of the tickets will be sent, and the same will be lodged in the Banks subject to the order of the purchaser. This mode of late has met with much success.

Yates and McIntyre's Tickets and shares are always for sale at the above offices.

NOTICE.

ROBERT S. CASSAT & BENJAMIN HUTCHISON have associated themselves together, under the firm of *CASSAT & HUTCHISON*, for the purpose of transacting a general

Commission & Forwarding Business,

in this city.—They have taken the warehouse No. 8 a few doors from water street, recently occupied by Messrs. James Adams, jr. & Co. where they have now on hand, and intend constantly to keep, a complete assortment of

Groceries,

together with all kinds of PITTSBURGH MANUFACTURED ARTICLES, which they offer for sale on the most liberal terms.

Pittsburgh, Jan. 6, 1832.

BOOTS, SHOES, & CAPS.

500 PACKAGES of fresh Boots and Shoes, just received from the Manufacturers, comprising a large assortment of prime goods, well adapted to the present season

2000 pair Men's prime thick Brogans and Shoes
1000 do do second quality do do
5000 do do thick pegged and sewed Boots
5000 do do kip Brogans and Shoes.
1000 do do fine sewed Brogans and Shoes.
2000 do Gent men's calf do do
3000 do Boys' thick do do
1000 do do fine sewed do do
3000 do Women's prime lace leather walking Shoes.
2000 do do sewed and pegged leather Boots.
1000 do do Morocco walking Shoes & Boots.
1000 do do Lasting do do
500 do do half heeled Boots.
1000 do Gentlemen's Russett morning Slippers.
2000 do do Bem do do
3000 do do lined and bound grained Brogans and Shoes.
2000 do Misses lasting and morocco Shoes.
5000 do Children's leather, do do

Also, an invoice of 30 cases, comprising a general assortment of Men's and Boys' seal cloth and morocco Caps, &c. for sale by

GEO. W. HOLLAND,
129 Water Street.

NEW BOOK STORE,

No. 19 Exchange Buildings,
ST. CLAIR-STREET PITTSBURGH, PA.

S. J. SYLVESTER, has lately received ONE HUNDRED CASES OF BOOKS, comprising a complete assortment in every department of Literature, which he will sell 25 per cent. cheaper than any *other house* in the western country. Dealers can save considerable, by making their purchases this side of the mountains, in carriage, and receive their books in better order.

300 Family Bibles,
200 Octavo do.
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1000 Testaments,
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1000 Walker's Dictionary, school edition,
500 Ovid's Art of Love,
900 Life of Benjamin Franklin,
200 Cowper's Poems, 3 vols.
200 Milton's Works, 2 vols.
200 do. Paradise Lost,
200 do. do. Regained,
1000 Dream Books,
1000 Letter Writers,
500 Elizabeth or Exile of Siberia,
300 Pamela or Virtue Rewarded,
100 Dick's Christian Philosopher,
100 do. Philosophy of Religion,
100 do. Future State,
200 McKenzie's 5000 Receipts,
200 Buck's Theological Dictionary,

A L S O,

Lord Byron's works in two vols.
do. Library edition, elegantly bound,
Sterne's works do. do.
Cowper's and Thompsons, do. do.
Young's, Milton's, Gray's, Beattie's and Collin's works, elegantly bound;
Rogers's, Campbell's Lamb's Montgomery's Kirks, White's do. do.
Heman's Hebert's, and Pollock's do.
Goldsmith's do. elegantly bound,
Scott's poetical do. do.
Moore's do. do. do.
Pope's do. do. do.
Tailor's and Gaurdean's do. do.
Paley's works, do. do.
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Hunter's Sacred Biography, do. do.
Newton on the Prophecies.

☞A complete assortment of Theological, Law, Medical, School, Blank and Miscellaneous books—*ALSO*, Playing Cards, Quills, Eastern Writing Paper in Large or small quantities.

Pittsburgh, April 2nd 1832.

S. J. SYLVESTER & Co.

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And Exchange Buildings, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MESSRS. YATES & M'INTYRE having succeeded in purchasing the grant of the Maryland State Lotteries, a scheme of Class No. 6, to be drawn in Baltimore, on Saturday, June 9th, is presented to our customers, for which we ask a consideration. Having an office as above, we shall be enabled to afford every facility to adventurers. Our friends in Ohio will perceive by the announcement in this paper, that we have been particularly successful within a fortnight, in leading prizes to Waverly, Sandyville, and Chillicothe. It is omitted to be stated, that in New-York, number six, 9 37 42, a prize of 1000 dollars was sent to Chillicothe.

It will be remembered that when $10 and upwards are remitted, postage need not be paid; but correspondents are urgently requested to send notes of as large denomination as possible; it frequently happens that the postage charge deprives us of all profit. Our friends are aware that when a package is sold, a deduction is always made from the full price, and when a certificate is ordered, the difference between the cost and warranty need only be forwarded. It is respectfully suggested to adventurers, that by ordering certificate, whether of package or loose tickets, they will save themselves much return postage—in such cases the tickets are always sealed up and held for the benefit, and subject to the order of the buyer.

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AUCTIONEER for the City and County of New-York, attends personally to the Sales of Furniture in any part of the City; also, Real Estate Ships, Merchandise, &c. &c. Office, 100, Broadway, where all orders will be thankfully received and punctually attended to.

New Book Establishment.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the Western Merchants, that he has recently opened a Book Store on an extensive plan, in the city of Pittsburgh, Pa. and has made such arrangements as will enable him to sell at the lowest New-York cash prices and 25 per cent. cheaper than any house in the Western country—Eastern *writing paper* and *Playing cards* in every variety.

☞Rags in quantities taken in Exchange at the highest market price.

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N. B. All the FOREIGN and AMERICAN Periodicals can obtained at the Pittsburgh Store.

W. H. MAXWELL, Attorney, Counsellor at law, Conveyancer and *Commissioner* (resident in the city of New York) appointed for the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, Georgia, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New York, &c. with authority to examine witnesses under Commissions emanating from the Courts of said states—to take depositions, affidavits, the acknowledgement of deeds, powers of Attorney and *all instruments under seal to be used* or *recorded* in either of said states—Commissions to examine witnesses, transmitted to W. H. M. (with instructions) from any part of the United States promptly attended to—also bills, bonds and debts, in the city of New York collected. Office No. 70 Liberty street, four doors East of Broadway.

The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of our own but the thread that ties them."

From the London Literary Gazette.

THE AGE OF BRASS.

I've sighed, but I will sigh no more,
For silver and for golden ore,
And thought t'would ever pass;
But these their virtues oft have lost,
And I have found that—to my cost—
True s* tue's in the BRASS.

I once adored a maiden fair,
With eyes of blue and auburn hair,
And thought to win the lass;
By soon step'd in a rival—who
Came, too, with brazen face to woo,
And won her by his brass.

I brandished next an author's pen,
And hoped to be successful—when,
True merit's all a farce;
But striving here, I found, again,
'Gainst impudence, t'was all in vain
I wanted still the brass.

Next, as a fop upon the town,
I sought to gain a slight renown,
And drum'd by fashion's glass
But here full soon I was cut out,
And driven to the right-about
By those who had the BRASS.

Rejoice ye brazen-bullies, then,
And laugh to scorn all honest men—
Ye have the magic pass.
Let others wish for baser pra,
Give me kind fate, I ask no more,—
Sufficiency of brass.

LOCKHART.—"When (says Hogg,) it is considered what literary celebrity Lockhart has gained so early in life, and how warm and disinterested a friend he has been to me, it argues but little for my sagacity, that I scarcely recollect any thing of our first encounters. He was a mischievous Oxford puppy, for whom I was terrified, dancing after the young ladies, and drawing caricatures of every one who came in contact with him. But then I found him constantly in company with the better rank of people with whom I associated, and consequently it was impossible for me not to meet with him. I dreaded his eye terribly; and it was not without reason, for he was very fond of playing tricks on me, but always in such a way, that it was impossible to lose temper with him. I never parted company with him but that my judgment was entirely jumbled with regard to characters, books, and literary articles of every description. Even his household economy, seemed clouded in mystery; and if I got any information it was sure not to be the right thing. It may be guessed how astonished I was one day on perceiving six black servants waiting at his table upon six white gentlemen! Such a train of Blackamoors being beyond my comprehension, I asked for an explanation; but I got none, save that he found them very useful and obliging poor fellows, and that they did not look for much wages beyond a mouthful of meat. A young lady hearing me afterwards making a fuss about such a phenomenon, and swearing that the Blackamoors would break my young friend, she assured me that Mr. Lockhart had only *one* black servant, but that when the master gave a dinner to his friends, the servant, knowing there would be enough, and to spare, for all, invited his friends also. Lockhart always kept a good table, and a capital stock of liquor, especially Jamaica rum, and by degrees I grew not so frightened to visit him."

When he wished to ascertain who the writers in the Magazine were, Lockhart was wont to bamboozle him sadly.

"With his cigar in his mouth, his one leg flung carelessly over the other, and without the symptom of a smile on his face, or one twinkle of mischief in his dark fiery eye, he would father the articles on his brother, Capt. Lockhart, or Peter Robertson, or Sheriff Cay, or James Wilson, or that queer fat body, Dr. Scott; and sometimes on James and John Ballantyne, and Sam Anderson, and poor Baxter. Then away I flew with the wonderful news to my other associates; and if any remained incredulous, I swore the facts down through them; so that before I left Edinburgh I was accounted the greatest liar that there was in it, except one."—*Auto-Biography.*

BASSIANA. When the fairy, in "Cinderella," orders Pedro to bring a pumpkin from the garden, that she may transform it into a coach, the Boston Pedro, night after night, made some allusion to thanksgiving-day and pumpkin pies. Having exhausted all possible witticisms connected with this New England custom, he at last made one desperate effort, and exclaimed, aside, in reply to the fairy, "What! make a coach out of a pumpkin? If it should happen to break down, my gracious! what a SQUASH there would be!" This, of course, produced a great laugh in the pit. "Apropos," remarked Bass, "he might also have said, with regard to the mice, that if the pumpkin were turned into a coach, the mice should be transformed into PIE-bald horses."

A punning lawyer made allusion to the testimony of the "vegetable witness on the other side." "What do you mean," inquired his opponent, "by vegetable witness?" "Why, I mean," was the reply, "the man with carrotty hair, reddish whiskers, and a turn up nose." A person, hearing the story related, remarked that this was a saucy lawyer. "Yes," replied Bass, "and if the saucebox had given me such language I would have upset his apple-cart, and threshed him, till he acknowledged BEET."—[Transcript.

CITY WIT.—"Who are those vulgar fellows in the pit, with their great eyes fixed on me?" said a young lady from St. Mary-axe to her swain, a stock-jobber, the other night at the Opera. "Those? Oh! they are the BANISTERS." "Lauk!" said the damsel, "then I was'nt much out, for I took 'em for A PAIR OF STAIRS."

METAPHOR.—A celebrated whip lately drove down from London to an Epsom ball. His partner in a quadrille very naturally inquired if he had experienced a pleasant drive? "Why," said the professor of driving and slang, "the roads were rather WOOLLY; but I put the flax into the tits, and they came along."

At the close of the Drury-lane season, Wallack proceeds to America—he will carry with him characters entirely new to the Americans—his BRIGAND and MARTIN HEYWOOD.

Lord W——r was looking very sour and blue at a long bill from Madam Maradan Carsons, enlarged, not contracted by her ladyship. "W——r, my love," said her ladyship in a tone of bewitching softness, "are you angry with me, that you look so very cross?" "Far from it, my dear," replied his lordship; I feel at this very moment you are DEARER to me than ever!"

Mr. Keene, the vocalist, is about to return to the United States.

SPLENDID INTERVIEW.—It is stated in a private letter, that Runjeet Sing was advancing to the camp with 60,000 men and 150 guns, a formidable display, to meet the governor General in all honor and courtesy.—CALCUTTA PA.

COCKNEY LOVE LETTER.

"Henrietta,
I am better."

PORTRAIT OF MINA.—A money-making speculation has been entered into by a young artist of Philadelphia, who has made interest, through the Sheriff, and obtained Mina's consent to sit for his portrait. The drawing was made in India ink, and is to be engraved on steel. The likeness is represented as most striking. By the by, Mina has lately adopted a new name; he now calls himself "Entralgo," and denies that he ever knew Mrs. Chapman as the wife of Mr. C. but presumed her to be his daughter, until after his own marriage to her. Consummate scoundrel! —*Transcript.*

THE HARDEST FEND OFF,

OR THE BEAR AND ALLIGATOR.

On a scorching day in the middle of June 1830, whilst I was seated under a venerable live oa!, on the evergreen banks of the Teche, waiting for the fish to bite, I was startled by the roaring of some animal, in the cane brake, a short distance below me, apparently getting ready for action. These notes of preparation were quickly succeeded by the sound of feet trampling down the cane, and scattering the shells. As soon as I recovered from my surprise, I resolved to take a view of what I supposed to be two prairie bulls, mixing impetuously in battle, an occurrence so common in this country and season, when as Thompson says,

——Through all his hairy veins
The bull deep scorched, the raging passion feels

When I reached the scene of action, how great was my astonishment, instead of bulls, to behold a LARGE BLACK BEAR reared on his hind legs, with his fore paws raised aloft, as if to make a plunge. His face was besmeared with white foam sprinkled with red, which dropping from his mouth, rolled down his shaggy breast. Frantic from the smarting of his wounds, he stood gnashing his teeth and growling at the enemy. A few paces from his rear was the cane brake from which he had issued. On a band of snow white shells spotted with blood, in battle array, stood bruin's foe, in shape an ALLIGATOR, fifteen feet long! He looked as if he had just dipped in the Teche, and had emerged like Achilles, from the Styx, with an invulnerable coat of mail. He was standing on tiptoe, his back curved upwards, and his tongueless mouth thrown open displayed in his wide jaws, two large tusks, and rows of teeth. His tail, six feet long raised from the ground, was constantly waving, like a boxer's arm, to gather force. His big eyes starting from his head, glared upon Bruin, whilst sometimes uttering hissing cries, then roaring like a bull.

The combattants were a few paces apart when I stole upon them, the "first round" being over. They remained in the attitude described about a minute, swelling themselves as large as possible, but marking the slightest motions with attention and great caution, as if each felt confident he had his match. During this pause I was concealed behind a tree, watching their manoeuvres in silence, I could scarcely believe my eyesight. What, thought I, can these two beasts have to fight about? Whether they did fight upon the present occasion without cause I cannot say, as I was not present. A bear and a ram have been known to fight, and so did the bear and the alligator, whilst I prudently kept in the back ground, preserving the strictest neutrality betwixt the two belligerents.

Bruin though evidently baffled, had a firm look, which shewed he had not lost confidence in himself. If the difficulty of the undertaking had once deceived him, he was preparing to go it again. Accordingly, letting himself down upon all fours, he ran furiously at the alligator. The alligator was ready for him, and throwing his head and body partly round to avoid the onset, met bruin half way with a blow of his tail, then rolled him on the shells. Old bruin was not to be put off with one hint; three times in rapid succession he rushed at the alligator, and was as often repulsed in the same manner, being knocked back by each blow just far enough to give the alligator time to recover the swing of his tail before he returned. The tail of the alligator sounded like a flail against the coat of hair on bruin's head and shoulders, but he bore it without flinching still pushing on to come to close hold with his scaly foe. He made his fourth charge with a degree of dexterity which those who have never seen this clumsy animal exercising, would suppose him incapable of. This time he got so close to the alligator before his tail struck him, that the blow came with half its usual effect. The alligator was upset by the charge, and before he could recover his feet, bruin grasped him round the body below the fore legs, and holding him down on his back, seized one of his legs in his mouth. The alligator was now in a desperate situation, notwithstanding his coat of

"The darted steel with idle shivers fly."

As a Kentuck would say, "he was getting up fast." Here if I dared to speak, and had supposed he could understand English, I should have uttered the encouraging exhortation of the poet—

"Now gallant knight, now hold thy own,
No maiden's arms are round thee thrown."

The alligator attempted in vain to bite, pressed down as he was, he could not open his mouth, the upper jaw of which only moves, and his neck was so stiff he could not turn his head short round. The amphibious beast fetched a scream in despair—but being a warrior by "flood and by field," he was not yet entirely overcome. Wreathing his tail in agony, he happened to strike it against a small tree that stood near the bayou, aided by this purchase, he made a convulsive flounder, which precipitated himself and bruin, locked together, into the river.

The bank from which they fell was four feet high, and the water below seven feet deep. The tranquil stream received the combatants with a loud splash, then closed over them in silence. A volley of ascending bubbles announced their arrival at the bottom, where the battle ended. Presently bruin rose again, scrambled up the bank, cast a hasty glance at the river, and made off, dripping to the cane brake. I never saw the alligator afterwards, to know him; no doubt he escaped in the water, which he certainly would not have done, if he had remained a few minutes longer on land. Bruin was forced by nature to let go his grip under water to save his own life. I therefore think he is entitled to the credit of the victory, besides, by IMPLIED consent, the parties were bound to finish the fight on land, where it began, and so bruin understood it. If this record should ever be carried up to the Supreme Court of the United States, I think the judge would decide in bruin's favor, by this the modern principle, one thing is certain viz. They would decide that they had jurisdiction by IMPLICATION, per force of which, what is it that cannot be nullified.—BASIL HALL.

THE PATIENCE OF GEORGE III.—Never, perhaps, was his patience more tried than at a Corvate audience which he gave to Lord's presence, den. On being admitted insidiously locked the his lordship very, in waiting had purposely left door, which, then said he had an excellent pamphlet in his pocket, which he would do himself the honor, and his Majesty the pleasure, of reading. He accordingly began the pamphlet, and the King listened very patiently till it began to be dark, when he observed, "I am sorry, my lord, that light fails you, but some other day." "Please your Majesty," replied Lord George, "there is no time like the present, and as for light, a little of that will suffice for me." He then familiarly poked the fire, the blaze of which enabled him to continue the pamphlet, which he read to the last word. The King expected now to be released, but, to his amazement, Lord George said, "Please your Majesty, I will next read you ten or eleven excellent letters, which I have received from your Protestant subjects, in which none were, nor ever will be, surpassed." He then commenced the letters, and this vexatious interview lasted two hours longer, at the termination of which, the fire having gone out, or ceased to blaze, Lord George departed.—*The Georgian Era.*

ENGLISH STAG HUNT.

During the past week, the lovers of the chase have had numerous opportunities of engaging in this athletic and exhilarating sport. On Monday, the King's hounds met at Salt Hill, and in a field called Little Farnham-field a fine deer was uncarted, and went off with every appearance of affording a "running run." Before the noble animal, however, had gone many yards, three or four dogs belonging to some of the pedestrians pursued him, and one of them caught fast hold of one of his hind legs. The whipper-in, on seeing this, soon galloped to the assistance of the deer, and it was well for the cur that he let go his hold before the arrival of this person, or the weight of his whip would have given him cause to rue the mistake he had made. We often notice that, at the place of turn-out, labouring men and others frequently attend with their dogs, which latter, as soon as the deer is uncarted, are set at the animal by their owners, by which interference the sport is not unfrequently marred. We understand that in future, when such conduct is repeated, it is intended to inflict very summary punishment on both dog and owner. But to return to the hunt—the deer having disengaged himself from his first pursuer, ran in good style for Farnham Royal, and leaving it on the left, the hounds were soon laid on, followed by huntsmen, whippers-in, and a good field. An animated and inspiring scene now presented itself to the spectators: the gallant stag keeping right on his steady, stately course over a beautiful country, the hounds busily scouring to and fro, making the welkin ring with their eager, tuneful note, and horsemen, horses, and hounds, diversifying the picturesque landscape in every direction, bounding gaily over the green sward, and taking the numerous fences and ditches in their route. After passing Farnham, the stag made away somewhat to the left, and took for East Burnham Beeches, passing Dropmore; and after a very sharp burst was taken at last near Hitcham, the other side of Burnham. It was considered a very pretty run, and there was some strong leaping. The run lasted about an hour and a half.

In addition to the above, it is stated that, on being headed at the bottom of the lane, known as Dr. Leats' lane, the stag sprung through the open cottage window of a poor woman, who was washing at the time, and, to her no small surprise, plunged into her wash-tub, and then, after bounding about the room, he quitted the cottage as unceremoniously as he had entered, and pursued his course.—*Bell's Life in London.*

A RUSTIC SCENE.

Who is it, reared in the country, that cannot recollect to have taken active part, when a boy, in scenes like the one described below? It is well known that nothing provokes the ire of a good housewife like the nocturnal depredation in the hen house, and poultry yard—every scheme for his destruction is now to have the sympathy, countenance, and co-operation of the wife and the daughters—The house is ransacked for canes, tongs, shovel, poker—even the hominy pestle is put in requisition—witness the digging up of the meat house floor, or the removal of some pile of lumber, or rubbish, which has sheltered rats and other VARMINTS! but let the following simple and unaffecting narrative serve, if no other purpose, that of recalling the days of our youth. It was written on a rainy day, by a Father in the country, to his son, who had recently left the happy paternal roof to live in a large city: and was not intended for publication.

"There had been loss of poultry, and various suspicions as to the cause. On a recent morning one of my men shewed me a suspicious track with blood, that induced a belief that the thief was then reposing in my fodder house ready for another nocturnal visit to my hen roost. "At a venture" I summoned my domestics, Brodignags and Lilliputians, (and my dogs which you know are true blues; they were directed to arm with a bludgeon each. I ordered two of the best (as sappers and miners,) with the dogs inside, to rouse him, if there. I then stationed my other force around, proclaimed a reward to the first that stopped his flight, and took a stand as generalissimo. Towler first gave note of discovery. Ned, who was stationed to leeward, sung out a response, from sensations experienced through his olfactory nerves. In a few seconds, like sensations became general, those inside complained as if on the point of suffocation. They were ordered to remove a large bank of shucks under which the vile thief was supposed to be hid. My outside force were encouraged to be on the alert. The thief no doubt became sensible of his danger, and eluded his pursuers by often shifting his position, availing himself of the thickest banks of shucks. The pursuers, or sappers, at length forced him to open air and daylight—he was instantly encountered by the guards, and forced to retreat to his cover; there met by the sapping force, struck at, snapped at, and hollooed at with repeated cries of here he is, there he goes, &c. He then tried another outlet and gained a large pile of brush, (some cart loads, intended for pea-sticks.) Hotly pursued there by poles thrust under, he retreated again to his cover of shucks, through many well aimed, though unsuccessful blows at him in his passage. So he continued by shifting places to elude his pursuers for perhaps an hour, displaying much judgment, art, agility and courage, till at lenth Towler, ever foremost in duty, unappalled by danger, made a successful snap at him, grappled, closed, fighting like a hero. The others joined and the enemy, with due allowance for comparative size, might aptly be compared with Hudibras' bear, who

"Fighting fell and falling fought,
And being down, he laid about."

He was at length conquered under canine fangs, cheered by reiterated cries of "seize him, bite him, shake him, kill him, eat him," &c. by Brobdignags, Lilliputians and Gemeralissimo. Now I have given you this relation to amuse. Do you not wish you had been present—can you guess what animal it was?"—SPORT. MAG.

BROAD ROCK RACES.

FIRST DAY.

Proprietor's Purse, $200—two mile heats.

There were seven entries—two were drawn—Gen. Brooke, entered by Dr. Minge, in consequence of having several attacks of choking on the morning of the race, and a ch. colt Fenley, by Sir Charles, 4 years old, entered by Benjamin Moody. Five horses started.

Thomas Doswell's b. f. Eliza Wharton, by Director, dam by Bedford, 4 years old, 1 1
James J. Harrison's ch. f. by Arab, dam by Belle-Air, 2 2
O. P. Hare's ch. f. Betsey Hare, by Contention, dam by Merryfield, 4 years old, 3 3
John D. Goode's ch. f. Huntress, by Cherokee, dam by Buzzard, 5 years old, 4 4
John M. Botts' ch. f. Betsey Graves, by Sir William, 4 years old, 5 dis

Time—1st heat 3m. 56s.—2d heat 3m. 48s.

The time of the last heat was doubted by many. There was probably a mistake, and no way of correcting it, as there was but one timer in the stand. The race may be said to have been a fine one; but the chief interest consisted in the result having been wholly unexpected—The contest had been anticipated between Mr. Harrison's Arab mare and Mr. Goode's Huntress, which were freely taken against the field after it was known that Gen. Brooke was not to be run, and when it was supposed six horses would start. Eliza Wharton won the two heats with apparent ease.

SECOND DAY.

Jockey Club Purse $500—three mile heats.

James J. Harrison's s. h. Goliah, by Eclipse, 5 years old, 1 3 1
William Wynn's b. h. Malcolm, by Charles, 5 years old, 2 2 2
John M. Botts' s. h. Collier, by Charles, 6 years old, 4 1 dis.
John C. Goode's b. f. Mary Jane, by Bertrand, 4 years old, distanced.
Thomas Doswell's b. h. Pamunkey, 4 years old, 3 4 dis.

Time—1st heat, 5m. 51s.—2d heat, 5m. 58s.—3d heat 5m. 56s.

A very interesting race. Goliah the favorite. He was taken against the field freely. The first heat was beautifully contested by Malcolm, and lost by half a length only. Goode's mare distanced by bad riding. The second heat Malcolm was beaten by about two lengths. Goliah did not try to take the heat. The third heat, Collier, in the third quarter of the second mile, stopped short, and was consequently distanced. Pamunkey, who was lame at starting, slipped a sinew while running ahead with Bertrand, and was distanced.—Goliah, in this race, has maintained the reputation he acquired at Tree Hill.

THIRD DAY.

Richard Adams' ch. c. Hugo, by Sir Charles, dam by Chance, 4 years old, 1 1
Jas. J. Harrison's ch. f. Tuberose, by Arab, 4 years old, 2 2
Parker Hare's gray filly, by Contention, 3 years old, 3 3
Wm. L. White's bay colt, by Tom Tough, dam by Sir Harry, 5 years old, 4 4
J. C. Goode's Row Galley, by Arab, 5 5

E. WHITE AND WILLIAM HAGAR, respectfully informs the Printers of the United States, to whom they have long been individually known as establishad Letter Founders, that they have now formed a co-partnership in said business, and hope from their united skill, and extensive experience, to be able to give full satisfaction to all who may favor them with orders.

The introduction of machinary, in place of the tedious and unhealthy process of casting type by hand, long a desideratum by the European and American Founders, was, by American ingenuity, and a heavy expenditure of time and money on the part of our senior partner, first successfully accomplished. Extensive use of the machine cast letter, has fully tested and established its superiority in every particular, over that cast by the old process.

The Letter Foundery business will hereafter be carried on by the parties before named, under the firm of WHITE, HAGAR & CO.—Their specimen exhibits a complete series from Diamond to 14 lines Pica. The book and news type being in the most modern light and style.

WHITE, HAGAR & CO., are agents for the sale of the *Smith and Rust Printing Presses*, which they can furnish to their customers at the manufacturers' prices. Chases, Cases, Composing Sticks, Ink, and every article used in the Printing business, kept on sale, and furnished on short notice. Old Type taken in exchange for new at 9 cents per pound.

N. B. News-paper Proprietors who give the above three insertions, will be entitled to Five Dollars in such articles as they may select from our specimen. E. WHITE,
WM. HAGAR.
m 12

American Feathered Game.

THE Subscriber proposes to publish by subscription, the following American Feathered Game, viz:—the Grouse, Pheasant, (or Partridge,) Partridge, (or Quail,) male or female, Woodcocks and Snipes.

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It appears to the publisher, that a paper of this kind, is wanting in a country abounding so plentifully with this species of game; and, as no attempt has ever been made to picture our game birds in the proposed style, he hopes at least sufficient encouragement will be given to authorise the publication, even should no profit accrue to the publisher.

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